Volume Forty-Seven, Number Four, April 1969

Commentary

BLACKS, JEWS & THE INTELLECTUALS

By Nathan Glazer

THE CAMPUS & ITS CRITICS

By George Kateb

Toward a History of the Holocaust *Lucy S. Dawidowicz*
For and Against Godard *William S. Pechter*
Notes on Aggression *John Thompson*
TV Dreams *Neil Compton*

CONTROVERSY

Robert Lowell / Diana Trilling
Marilyn Gittell; Aryeh Neier / Maurice J. Goldbloom

Books in Review
Walter Goodman *Heywood Gould* *Ralph K. Huitt*
Elizabeth Dalton *John Gross*

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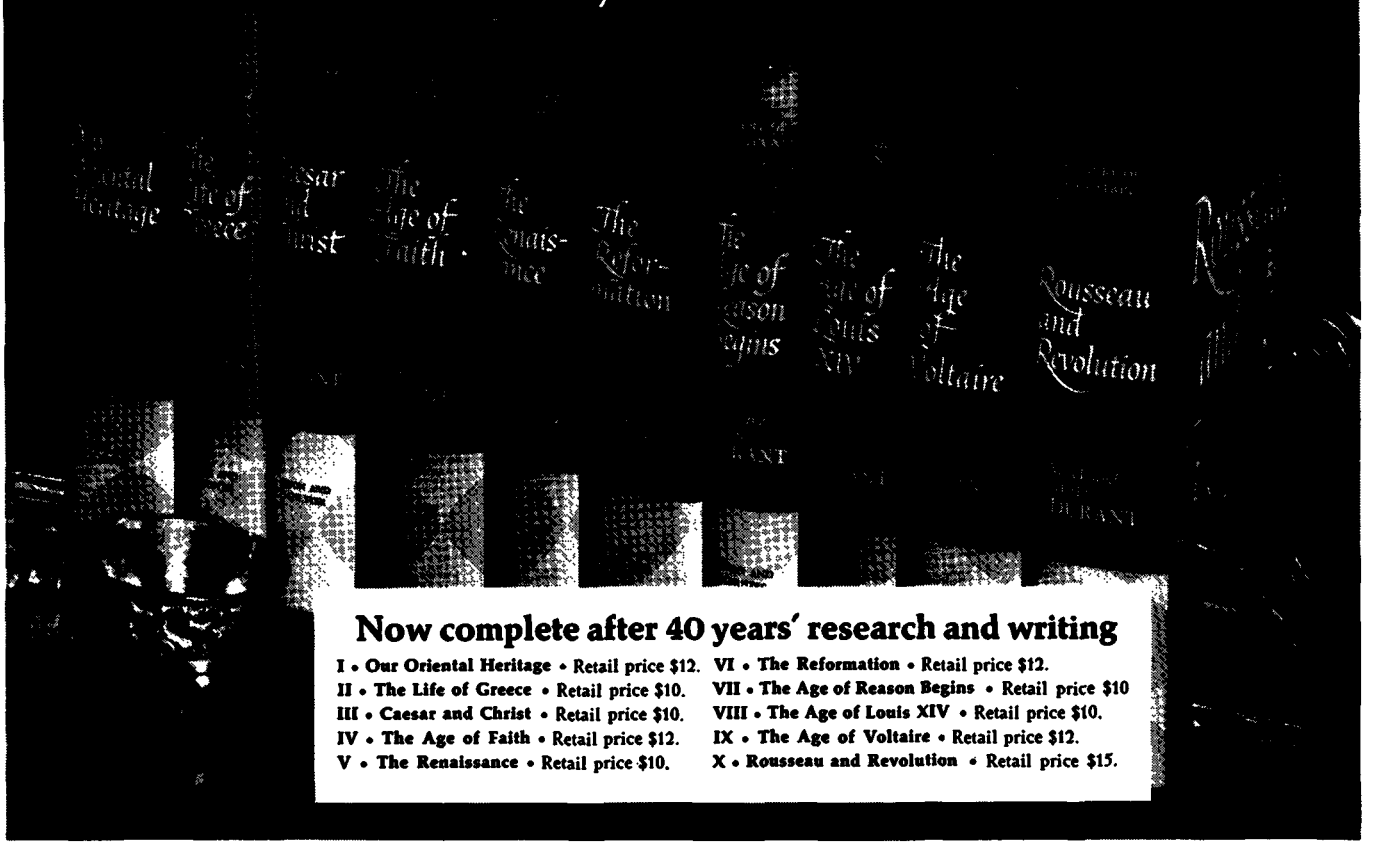

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Commentary

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Letters from Readers

White Racism

To the Editor of Commentary:

In "Is White Racism the Problem?" [January] Murray Friedman appears to answer his own question in the negative—without having first defined "white racism." In fact, while he admits to "many real differences between the Negro and other groups in this country, including the Negro's higher visibility and the traumatic impact of slavery," he argues that the Negro is "nevertheless, involved in much the same historical process experienced by all groups, with varying success, in attempting to 'make it' in American life." . . . Disavowing "simplistic slogans and equally simplistic appeals to the American creed," he concludes by suggesting that: "There can be no effective intergroup negotiating or bargaining unless due regard is paid to the interests of all groups." In short, he replaces one simplistic appeal with another. Is it any wonder that so many black militants, extremists, and nationalists despair of the prospect of any meaningful dialogue with "white" people? . . .

What in fact seems to differentiate the black's experience in this country from that of the Jews, Irish, and other oft-cited "minority" groups is that by deed and attitude the slave and his descendants have been excluded from the moral sphere shared by most other subgroups of this nation. This means that the apparatus of the state has been deployed, however formally or informally, by deeds of omission or commission, to keep the black man from attaining economic, political, and social equality. . . .

Norman Goldner
Wayne State University
Detroit, Michigan

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . It is difficult to see how Mr. Friedman arrives at his conclusion that because white Americans are divided into a variety of ethnic groups that are at times in conflict with one another they are exempt from participation as whites in the black-white confrontation, or how he thinks he can convince blacks that because white America is diverse it ceases to be white vis-à-vis the blacks.

In what has by now become an all too familiar litany on the part of liberal critics of the Kerner report, Mr. Friedman is more critical of the report than of the conditions it portrayed, and even blames this long-overdue recognition of the extent and depth of the black-white crisis for "helping to provoke the current backlash." It would be more constructive if Mr. Friedman directed his attention to the meaning and quality of that backlash, with particular reference to its social and *moral* significance. . . .

One wonders to whom this piece is directed, with what purpose, and to what effect. Insofar as it is directed to liberals (to those who are still vocal and active in support of what they conceive to be legitimate black causes), Mr. Friedman urges that they "dispense with liberal rhetoric," which means divest themselves of any notion that they are doing anything particularly right or noble or just. Here, rather than in the Kerner report, is a real backlash overtone.

Insofar as it is directed to Negroes, Mr. Friedman urges that they stop "pointing the finger of guilt either at Americans in general or at special groups" in the interest of "the development of strategies which can lead to a necessary accommodation." Just what these accommodations are, Mr. Friedman does not reveal, but presumably they would be in the direction of black understanding and concern for the needs and fears of other groups.

In this regard, Mr. Friedman would be in a much stronger position to exhort the blacks had he addressed himself with equal, or indeed with greater, vigor to the "in" groups. . . . It is the white power structure which needs the prodding, which still must be convinced of the reality of the black condition and the desperate necessity for immediate remedial programs. . . . If "power has to be shared," . . . the process out of which such sharing will eventually materialize must surely begin with . . . the present holders of power—and it is to them that Mr. Friedman should direct his appeal for accommodation rather than to the deprived and the powerless. . . .

Meyer Rangell
Floral Park, New York

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MR. FRIEDMAN writes:

On the whole the letters of Meyer Rangell and Norman Goldner grapple fairly with my analysis, except for Mr. Rangell's charge that it contains "a backlash overtone." I was careful to point out that I do not "deny the existence of racism as a force in American life, nor . . . underestimate the cruel and pervasive conflicts which it engenders." Is it necessary to point out that I am wholly opposed to racism and have spent a good part of my life actively battling it?

I had the option of writing simply another article on the "social and moral significance" of white backlash, but to what purpose? This has been done usefully and effectively many times. Besides, denunciations of bigotry are so often taken for analysis and action by many people that I am, quite frankly, a little tired of them.

My premise is that part of the reason we have not made enough progress in the area of race and intergroup relations is that we have had a profound lack of understanding of the nature and dynamics of a pluralistic society. Because we are a nation of diverse ethnic, racial, and religious groups (at different stages of "in"-ness) whose vested interests, values, and styles naturally collide, we are always confronted by intergroup conflicts—quite apart from the disease of racism itself. By looking up from the conventional "good guy-bad guy" approach to these conflicts, we open the door to exploring different strategies and possibilities for accommodation that can, in fact, bring about significant progress.

Mr. Rangell asks, what kind of accommodations? I suggested several briefly in my article, but let me mention here the way in which we could respond to the problem of backlash in low-income and lower-middle-class white ethnic groups. Rather than simply flaying the behavior of some of the nationality groups in Milwaukee, Chicago, and other cities on issues such as open housing, Negro militancy, and the like—and it has often been atrocious—we must also examine and deal with some of the underlying problems of these groups. Most often they too are confronted with inadequate employment, housing, and recreational opportunities; status and ethnic identity problems; and a deep sense of alienation, all of which are exacerbated by the current Negro thrust. Interestingly enough, a politician has emerged on the scene—Mayor Kevin White of Boston—who has created a number of programs, such as the 15 branch city halls, which benefit poor whites as well as blacks. Mayor White has thereby earned the respect, and the votes, of the Irish and the Italians in his city. . . .

Instead of a moralistic litany of "you're guilty, you're guilty, you're guilty," we must develop pragmatic strategies and programs that work for *all* groups in our society. I believe this approach, by tending to the needs and de-escalating the anxieties of other groups, will be more likely to help bring the Negro into the mainstream of American life.

Both Mr. Goldner and Mr. Rangell suggest that I address myself with equal or greater vigor to the white power structure for remedial programs on the black man's behalf. I think I clearly pointed out that if we are to have peace and progress in a multigroup society, power must be shared by "ethnic ins" with "ethnic outs." Obviously this means that WASP corporate leadership, Jewish teachers and school administrators, and Italian and Irish craft-union members will have to move over and make room for various minorities. But the phrase "white power structure" is too simplistic and smacks of the "liberal rhetoric" which I conceive to be part of the difficulty of dealing with the kind of problems we are discussing.

Jews, Blacks & Wasps

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Earl Raab's article, "The Black Revolution and the Jewish Question" [January], strikes me as a very profound study. . . . I wonder in the final analysis, though, whether the article goes far enough in pointing out the very explosive situation which exists between white and black today. . . . As a Jew in America I am not satisfied that any of us can cease and desist from taking an active part in the revolution because of the havoc to Jewish businesses in the cities or to rental properties owned by Jews. We must share very fully in the blame for what has happened, instead of joining in the further polarization of whites and blacks. . . .

MAL SHERMAN
Columbia, Maryland

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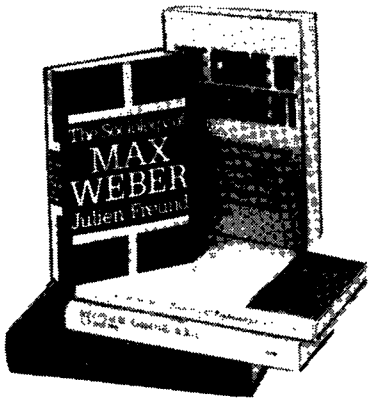

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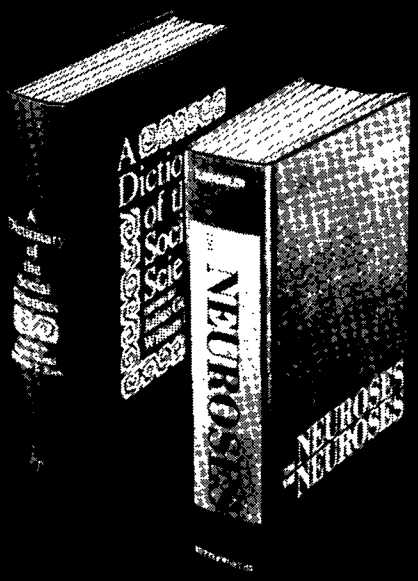

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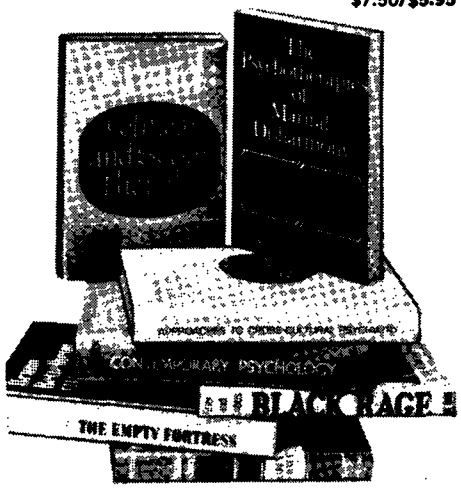

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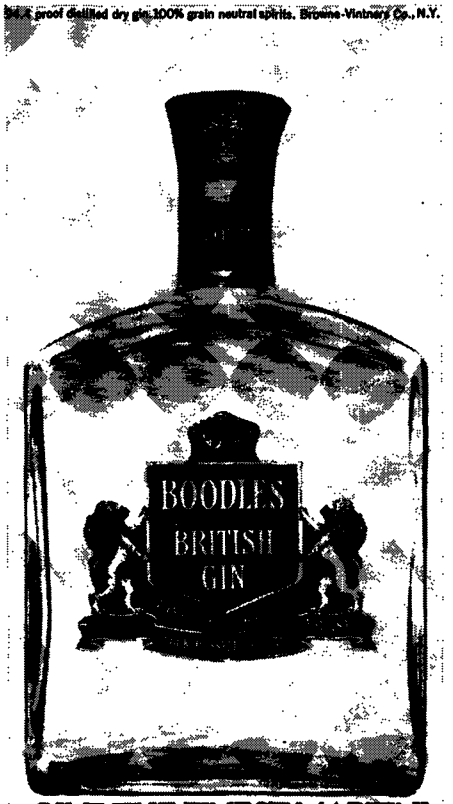

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To the Editor of Commentary:

Earl Raab quite properly scores the dangers of turning complex social phenomena into "conspiracy theories." However, he soon confronts us with "the possibility of a classic marriage, a manipulative symbiosis, between the privileged class and the dis-privileged mass—in this case a WASP class and a black mass." At this point, one may well ask how "a manipulative symbiosis" significantly differs from a "conspiracy." The first proposition of conspiracy theorists has always been precisely this: X group of people are working together (i.e., symbiotically) to use (i.e., manipulate) the rest of us. . . .

As a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant of lower-middle class Midwestern background, I may be a somewhat atypical reader of Commentary. While I question the propriety of the acronym WASP . . . of greater concern to me is the fact that, over a period of years in the pages of Commentary and other liberal reviews, an image of "the mythical WASP" has been called up in countervalence to the "mythical Jew" of the anti-Semitic conspiracy theorists cited by Mr. Raab. . . .

Brent Nelson

Athens, Ohio

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . I am a black militant (possibly the *only* black militant) . . . who can speak Hebrew, and I have long admired both Jews and Judaism. But the brutal murder of Dr. King was too much; shortly thereafter I turned the corner.

In my own attempts to analyze what passes for black anti-Semitism I have discovered a hurt and baffled black man who castigates the Jew ("who should know beter") for reacting insensitively to our collective plight, i.e., when the Jew acts like a WASP, the sting is doubly painful. . . . Traditionally, and perhaps unrealistically, we have expected Jews to deal straighter than other white people. But then we ran up against the slum landlord and ghetto merchant, and too many of those white exploiters had Jewish names.

Frankly, we have felt betrayed, just as Jewish liberals now feel betrayed at our "rejection" of them. . . . Black anti-Semitism or anti-Jewishness does exist, and it is an ignorant, baseless thing, a mere parroting of the alien sentiments of a few interest groups thought by some to be our natural allies of the moment. In another sense, it is a curious specialization of the prevalent rejection and distrust by blacks of all things white and of all people who act white, that is, like the oppressor. Jews say: "You've gone too far, we can't support you anymore." The extremist replies: "Fine, baby, we can make it on our own. We don't *need* you any more." Minority viewpoints, to be sure, but as Malcolm X used to say, the wick is the smallest part of the dynamite. . . .

Perhaps it is necessary and sufficient that blacks go for and by ourselves for the time being until our forward movement takes definitive shape. Then, blacks and Jews can share as equals. No one will then have reason to distrust the Jews as mere white paternalists. . . .

Solomon M. Landers

Oxon Hill, Maryland

To the Editor of Commentary:

While many of his observations are correct, I disagree with Earl Raab's emphasis on "turning inward," a dangerous trend in the Jewish community and one which is increasingly being offered as a rationale for withdrawing from the Negro Revolution. History has shown time and again that Jews can only flourish in a democratic climate. . . .

The preoccupation of the Jewish defense agencies and organized Jewish life not only with the Negro Question, but also with civil liberties, has had a very direct relationship to the Jewish Question, and it is to the credit of the Jewish defense agencies, many of our rabbis, and the organized Jewish community that these problems were given priority. . . . These efforts did not detract from an independent position for Jewish survival or minimize in any way our effectiveness in combating anti-Semitism, nor will they in the future.

I believe Jews should continue to give their support to the blacks. . . . We must understand that we do this not only as humanitarians, but in our own self-interest and for the good of the country.

The future of the Jew in America can only be assured if the justifiable demands of the blacks are won and if we continue to focus attention on their *special* problems. Such a course will render the small number of black extremists ineffective in their anti-Semitic attacks and will encourage the bulk of the blacks to speak out against

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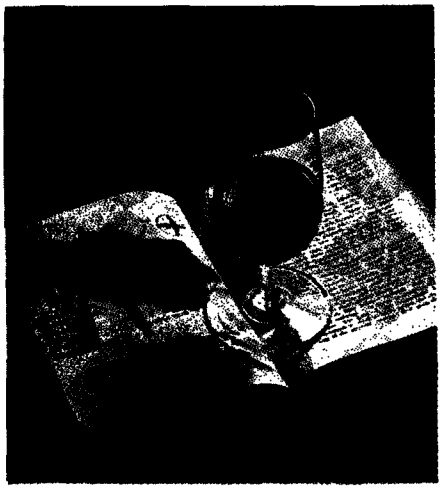

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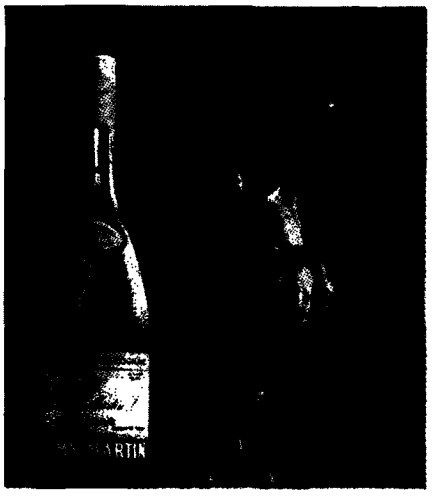

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them. . . . The American Jew needs the alliance of the American Negro now and in the future in overcoming anti-Semitism, and in combatting such organizations as the John Birch Society, the Minute Men, and others of their ilk, whom we should fear far more as a potential threat in the long run.

CHARLES STEINER
Jewish National Fund
San Francisco, California

MR. RAAB writes:

It should be obvious that, along with Steiner and Sherman, I believe that the Jewish community should not and cannot afford to withdraw its support of those social changes which will bring equity to the black community. Quite to the contrary: if we had efforts to redouble toward that end, now would be the time to redouble them. However, "turning inward" is not synonymous with "withdrawal." Perhaps the former is essential at this point if we are to avoid the latter. There is a distinctly Jewish thread which runs from Hillel ("If I am not for myself . . .") to Buber ("Without being and remaining oneself, there is no love"), and is at the heart ot much psychoanalytical literature. Whatever the Jews have done, as Jews, in civil rights and anti-poverty campaigns, they have done for *themselves* not *for* the Negroes. (I remember how my stomach took a turn some years ago when a good Christian lady told me that she wanted to form a group called "Friends of the Jews," to protect us against anti-Semitism.) Therefore, the Negroes *owe* the Jews nothing for our special involvement, and Jews have no reason to expect any special gratitude. A little truth of this kind, and we will not only cleanse ourselves of the paternalism to which Landers refers, but we will be able to move in directions prescribed by our own imperatives, which may or may not coincide with the various aspects of the Negro Revolution.

By the same token, the subject is not black anti-Semitism, an uncertain term at best, but genetic political anti-Semitism as it derives particularly from the Black Revolution and the reactions surrounding it. Since the article was written, one Western city saw two pertinent events take place in quick succession. The leader of a black organizatition called a press conference to suggest that not only was Israel "racist" but that American Jews had a special role in causing Negro oppression. Shortly thereafter, a Board of Education meeting discussing integration, largely a white liberal cause at this juncture, was invaded by white "goon-squads" who beat up a few members of the audience; and a newspaperman publicly reported the strong anti-Semitic sentiments of one of the anti-integrationist leaders involved. This black "spokesman" and this white "spokesman" had much in common: a mutual stake in racial segregation; a mutual stake in stimulating expressive behavior; and, finally, a mutual stake in casting the Jews as scapegoat.

Now anyone who uses a term like "manipulative symbiosis," as I did, deserves all the abuse he gets, but it should be pointed out to Mr. Nelson that symbiosis means a mutually beneficial relationship between dissimilar organisms, not an arcane conspiracy pact; and the manipulation referred to is not of the Jews but of a lower class which is vulnerable to anti-Semitism.

As a reader of my article, I was most dismayed by its failure to deal with the role of Jewish youth on the campuses in feeding the growing expressive complex; and its failure to emphasize the relationship of Israel to the Jewish Question in America, especially in connection with this particular complex of historical circumstances. I hope that these themes will be taken up in ensuing discussions.

Film Critics

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As co-editor of *Film 67/68* I feel duty-bound to defend not the book but the majority of its contributors from the attack launched in your pages by William S. Pechter ["Books in Review," January].

The main line of his criticism seems to be that most of us are the prisoners of the magazines for which we write and are therefore not free to express our own opinions. I suppose in one sense that is true. No magazine—not even the little cult film quarterlies—hires reviewers who are in fundamental disagreement with the editors. But the implication that the critics who write for such journals as *Commonweal, Newsweek,* the *New Yorker, Saturday Review,* the *New Republic,* and—dare I say it?—*Life* are so lacking in personality and the spirit of individuality that the differences among them can be dismissed as "differences less of men

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than of magazines" is, to put it plainly, stupid and insensate. It is as though I said that Mr. Pechter's review was about what you'd expect of "the Hodder Fellow in film criticism at Princeton." Much as I admire the impeccability, the sheer damned purity of people who are fellows in criticism rather than practicing critics, that would be unfair, wouldn't it? My point is merely that our faults are our own, not our magazines'!

Now, obviously, I know nothing about the details of my colleagues' relationships with the magazines that employ them, but I do know them all to be people of integrity and of considerable, not to say exasperating, independence. Sure, all of us have defects as critics, but these stem from personal, not institutional, flaws.

Here, if I may, I should like to speak personally. I have been writing for *Life* for four years now. In that time no one has attempted to tell me what to review or what not to review. Nor has anyone attempted more than normal editing, of exactly the sort one hopes to receive from any intelligently-managed magazine—of the sort, indeed, that one gets from COMMENTARY, for example. Very often, this has improved my copy and when it has not, in my opinion, I have always been encouraged to defend my prose (my opinions are never challenged) in the kind of open, friendly dialogue with the editors that is all too rare in editorial rooms these days.

Mr. Pechter finds himself amazed that *Life* would print Pauline Kael's review of *Before the Revolution* and heartened to find it printing a piece of mine about Bunuel. He gratuitously and erroneously suspects that Miss Kael did not write again for *Life* because her editor disapproved of the film itself, which is simply untrue. (Miss Kael is a distance runner, a brilliant one, and the very short space *Life* has available for film reviews is better suited to sprinters like me.) As for that heartening Bunuel piece, I admit that it didn't say much that is "new" about Bunuel, but Bunuel is a remarkably consistent artist and it is difficult to say much that is novel about his work. I would like to point out, however, that this is one of three reviews of Bunuel works that *Life* has printed in the five years since it started its review section, all of which praised him—a pretty good record for what Mr.

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Pechter thinks of as an establishment magazine. . . .

Finally, a word about my "facile deployment" of clichés about the existential condition of modern man. I plead guilty to using the familiar phrases about alienation and so on. However, that they are familiar does not render them untrue—rather the opposite in my opinion. But let that pass. Mr. Pechter accuses me of "final reconciliation in sunny optimism" with this condition, implying that somehow *Life* forced me to this leap of faith. But the phrase to which he objects occurs not in a piece I wrote for the magazine, but in one that I wrote for *Film 67/68*. So it is my own, for better or worse. I am sorry that down at Princeton these days an expression of hope that things might improve instead of worsening is not to be countenanced. But since Mr. Pechter makes a big point of the critic's need for "openness" I should think he might have extended it to this little, undoubtedly vain, expression of mine. Indeed, while we are on the subject of "openness" one might wonder just how much of that quality a reviewer can bring to an anthology of works composed largely by writers for whom the reviewer confesses "a previously developed aversion." . . .

RICHARD SCHICKEL
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . William S. Pechter says *Film 67/68* is an "appalling book" but goes on to praise at least some of the work of a number of the volume's contributors, including Pauline Kael, Andrew Sarris, Wilfrid Sheed, and even Stanley Kauffmann. How, then, can the volume be appalling? Surely, Mr. Pechter did not expect a grab-bag collection of pieces from sources as diverse as *Time* and *Esquire* to be mostly, or even largely, first-rate. . . .

But what is most "appalling" in Pechter's review is his attempt to shatter for all time the authority, the very legitimacy of Stanley Kauffmann, who seems to many of us the finest and most discerning film critic we have. . . . He characterizes Kauffmann's writing as "liberal, reasonable, earnest, sober, dull," and one wonders what Mr. Pechter is getting at. Would he have Kauffmann be less than earnest, unreasonable rather than measured in his responses? And can he be serious in asserting that Kauff-

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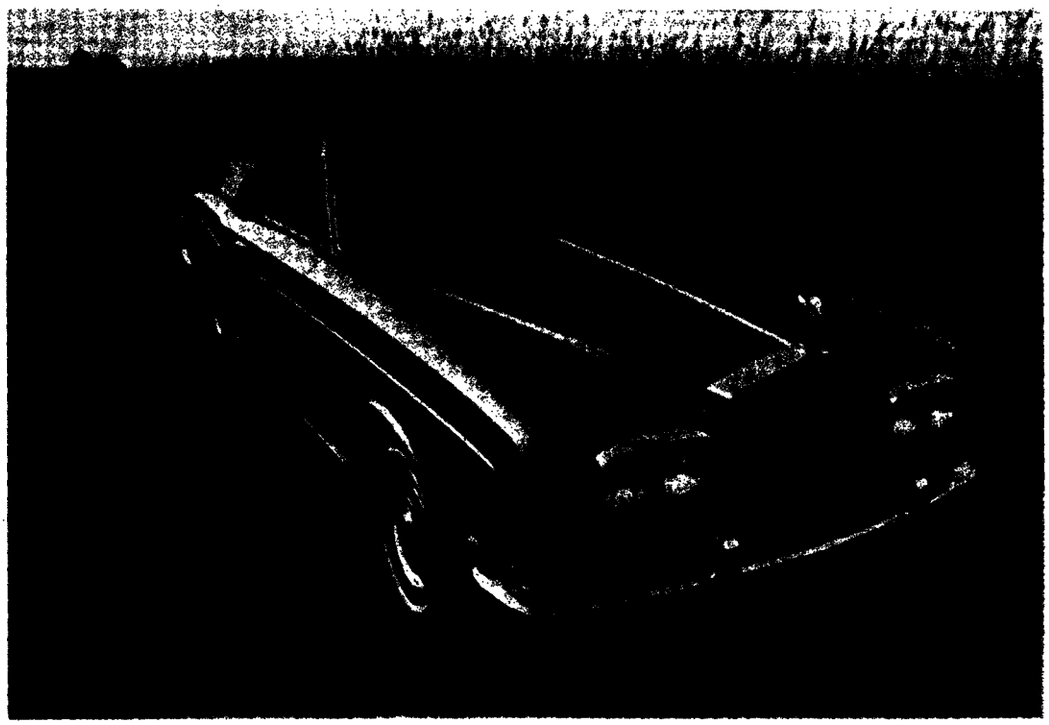

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mann is dull? Those of us who have been reading Kauffmann regularly over a period of years would hardly agree. . . . Nowhere, of course, does Pechter deign to tell us in which particulars Kauffmann is deficient, nor from which fundamental failures of intelligence these deficiencies spring. Why doesn't Mr. Pechter examine, briefly if necessary, one film that Kauffmann has bungled in his criticism, and make some effort to show how this single example is representative of Kauffmann's work?

Surely many of us have been dissatisfied with numerous pieces Kauffmann has written over the years. . . . I have even had occasion to take issue in several of my own articles with what I have considered Kauffmann's misinterpretation of basic issues in a number of films, including Bergman's *Persona*. But my respect for Kauffmann's clarity of thought and fundamental intelligence is undiminished, as is my conviction of his humaneness and integrity. . . .

ROBERT BOYERS
Editor, *Salmagundi*
Flushing, New York

MR. PECHTER writes:

If I wrote like a "Hodder Fellow in film criticism," I should doubtless have something to be ashamed of, and, even so, I am well aware it is a rather silly thing to be. In fact, however, I am not an academic but was nominated for the fellowship, which involves residence at Princeton, on the basis of my published film criticism, and, as it happens, I have been publishing film criticism since 1960, four years before Mr. Schickel discovered the field and entered it (unless one wants to count productions like *The Stars* of 1962) with his enfeebled rehash, *The Movies*, which, incidentally, I came to with an open mind; of such stuff are "previously developed aversions" made.

It is true that I have written in magazines such as the *Kenyon Review*, *Tulane Drama Review*, the *London Magazine*, etc., which Mr. Schickel would probably consider worthy of ridicule; he has, of course, every right to, and I've no doubt that, in many respects, they are. Of course, being a film "critic" for Time-Life which co-owns MGM has its funny side as well. But Mr. Schickel somewhat mistakes my point about men and magazines, which, in any case, was applied in my review to only certain of his book's contributors, and rather unfairly, I now think in retrospect, to Philip T. Hartung and *Commonweal*. (One thing I certainly wasn't suggesting is that critics for the big magazines must be bad because of the size of their audience as one might unfairly put down Saul Bellow for writing a best seller or Miles Davis for being popular.) No doubt, Mr. Schickel believes he is a free man at *Life*, and probably he is (my remark about Pauline Kael and *Before the Revolution* was intended as sarcasm); the people who thrive in such circumstances are precisely those who are in no fundamental conflict with the prevailing values, and all the better for their psychic well-being if they fancy themselves as boring from within. . . . But I was not accusing Mr. Schickel of taking orders or even of that familiar modern phenomenon of self-censorship, something of which he is apparently unaware. It is clear that for anyone who, uncoerced, spins out phrases like "lustily lively" and "your viewing pleasure," as well as those quoted in my review and the many others which aren't, a clash between man and magazine has been rendered unnecessary. . . .

Mr. Schickel acts as though I had nothing but censure for every film critic but myself, when I would have thought my review makes plain my appreciation of Andrew Sarris and extreme admiration for Pauline Kael. And Mr. Boyers seems to see some contradiction between my favorable remarks on Pauline Kael and Andrew Sarris (he should reread what I said about Wilfrid Sheed) and my finding *Film 67/68* "appalling," which escapes me. If the book is to be taken as only "a grab-bag collection" without expectations that it be "mostly or even largely first-rate," then perhaps it can be justified, if at all, as a documentary record of the fatuity of most of what passes for film criticism. Given, however, the rather less modest claims which the book makes for itself and the impoverishment of its actual contents, appalling seems to me a fairly generous estimate unless, like Mr. Boyers, one is easily pleased.

It is true that for reasons stated in my piece I didn't engage in any extended disagreement with Stanley Kauffmann over particular films, though I did mention his sensationally egregious review of

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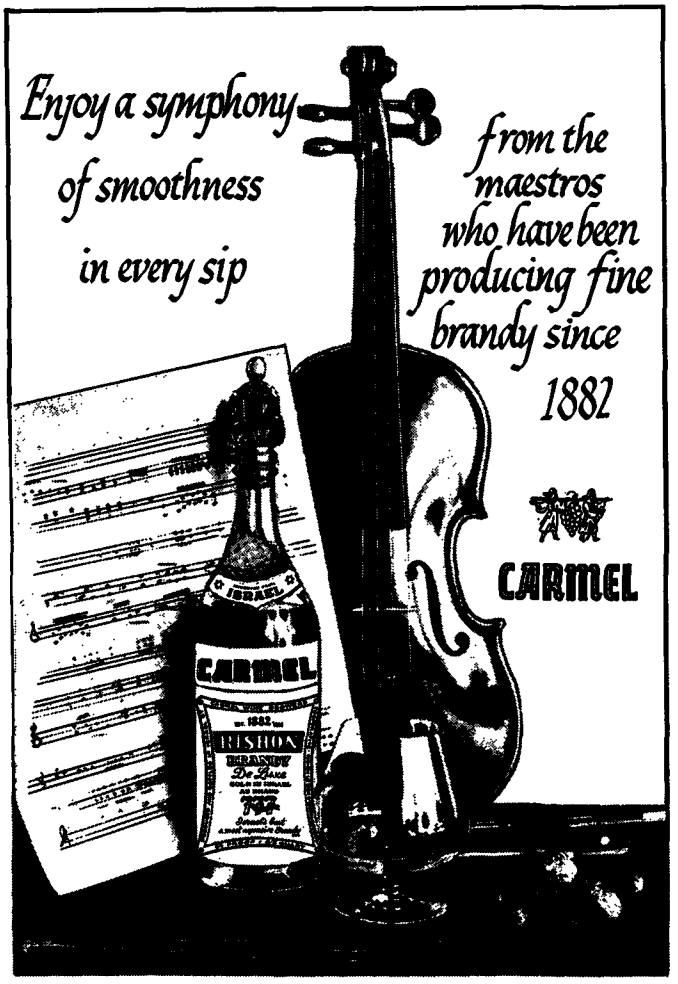
The Graduate and several other instances from which such disagreement might proceed. It could as easily proceed from just about any issue of the *New Republic*, the most recent one as I write informing us of *Pierrot le Fou* (a film I don't happen to like) that "the whole film . . . is a series of strategems to keep Godard himself from falling asleep." No doubt, there are those for whom such remarks are an instance of first-class critical wit, and I think they are likely to be those who conceive of Kauffmann—as I don't—in terms of "authority" and "legitimacy."

. . . For those who are interested in specific disagreements with Kauffmann in detail, I recommend Pauline Kael in *I Lost it at the Movies*. My charge against Kauffmann was a more general one—my charge is opportunism—but our opportunism, not his. He had the good luck to begin reviewing films for an intellectually respectable journal at a time when increasing numbers in the intellectual community were becoming aware of films as an artistic medium which could no longer be ignored. For them, Kauffman was there to act as perfect middleman, cicerone on the Grand Tour, the voice of benign authority. For all of the intellectually lazy who wished nevertheless to be in the know, Kauffmann was clearly a bargain, but it is the consumer and not the product which chiefly ought to bear the blame. For his audience, though he has described Renoir as essentially a one-film director (and ascribed to him films he never made), liked *He Who Must Die*, dismissed *Jules and Jim* and *Shoot the Piano Player*, called *West Side Story* the best musical film ever made, found the films of Satyajit Ray lacking export value, praised *The Island*, put down Bunuel, etc., etc., Kauffmann still has his "authority." Contrary to Mr. Boyers, I did not "attempt to shatter for all time" this sacred trust, and, given the fealty of Kauffmann's audience as one sees it in Mr. Boyers, I'm sure I couldn't even if I tried.

Correction

In David Bazelon's article, "A Writer Between Generations" [February], the sentence on page 48 which begins, "A technological advance over lignite called 'napalm'" should have read: "A technological advance over thermite called 'napalm.'"



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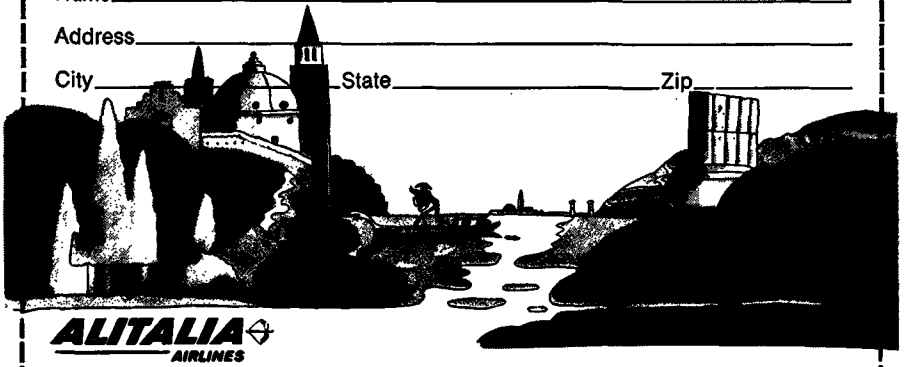

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LAST MONTH, *Diana Trilling, in replying to a comment by Robert Lowell on her article, "On the Steps of Low Library" (November 1968), posed a series of questions to Mr. Lowell. His response, together with a further statement from Mrs. Trilling, comprises the first of the exchanges printed below.*

THE SECOND EXCHANGE *was occasioned by Maurice J. Goldbloom's article, "The New York School Crisis," which appeared in January. Marilyn Gittell is director of the Institute for Community Studies at Queens College in New York City; Aryeh Neier is executive director of the New York Civil Liberties Union.*

I. Liberalism & Activism

Robert Lowell

CONTROVERSY is bad for the mind and worse for the heart. I know it's rude and ludicrous for me to have entered this one, and now to follow my first "grim communication" with a second. I apologize to Mrs. Trilling the person for my attack on Mrs. Trilling the polemicist. In this game, may the opponents use its wooden swords fairly.

Mrs. Trilling's original article was so haunted with apprehension, and bristling with the professional logic of prosecution, that I did not think it of sufficient interest to "answer." My quarrel is with the part that heavily banters Dwight Macdonald and me. We were not in the picture, but perhaps the article was once planned as a sequel to Mailer's *Steps of the Pentagon*, and her plot forced her to borrow two of his supporting characters.

Her rather majestic irony about my "radical piety," and my signing petitions, appearing at rallies, seems to suggest that I act to draw applause from the young, get in fashion, or whatever. This may be consoling to her own picture of herself as some housekeeping goddess of reason, preferring the confines of her mind to experience, and pronouncing on the confusion of the crowd, unconfused herself and unpronounced on. Surely, she will not be indicted for activism. On the great day, when she meets her Maker, John Stuart Mill on his right hand and Diderot on his left, they will say, "Liberalism gave you a standard; what have you done for liberalism?" Then she will answer that her record is clear of agitation about the Vietnam war, clear of a feverish concern for the drafting of reluctant young men to fight it, free of a nervous fear about the militarization of our country. Terror of the nuclear bombs never forced her to lose hope. She seems more preoccupied with the little violence of the unarmed student uprisings than with the great violence of the nation at war. She implies that we who are horrified by napalm on human flesh are somehow indifferent to the piss on President Kirk's carpet. She wants to be sure where I stand on this. She asks me many questions.

I answer that I might wish to be a hundred per cent pro-student, but the other morning, or some morning, I saw a newspaper photograph of students marching through Rome with banners showing a young Clark-Gable-style Stalin and a very fat old Mao—that was a salute to the glacier. No cause is pure enough to support these faces. We are fond of saying that our students have more generosity, idealism, and freshness than any other group. Even granting this, they are only us, younger, and the violence that has betrayed our desires will also betray theirs if they trust to it.

I WOULD like to tell Mrs. Trilling one thing very clearly. I had nothing to do with the student strike at Columbia. I was at Columbia just once two or three weeks before the troubles. I spoke for four or five minutes against President Johnson's Vietnam war. I received tame applause. Also, I want to explain to her, finally I hope, that I have never been New Left, Old Left, or liberal. I wish to turn the clock back with every breath I draw, but I hope I have the courage to occasionally cry out against those who wrongly rule us, and wrongly lecture us.

Diana Trilling

I HAVE NEVER thought controversy bad for either the mind or the heart. And I have never found it necessary for anyone to apologize for disagreeing with my opinions. I am nevertheless glad to accept Mr. Lowell's public amends —I shall assume that he is apologizing, not for having a different view of the Columbia disturbances from the one I have, but for suggesting that my report that Columbia was fearful that Harlem would rise against the University was the product of my overheated imagination. To this play of Mr. Lowell's own imagination, I responded in quite unitary fashion. Indeed, I do not admit his distinction between "person" and "polemicist," between, that is, one's private and public values. If, as a person, I accept, say, John Dewey's description of manners as small morals, which I do and which, from my acquain-

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tance with Mr. Lowell, I should suppose he does too, then as polemicist I naturally address myself to the moral implications of students urinating on President Kirk's carpet or spitting at their teachers.

While it was never required of Mr. Lowell that he "answer" my original article, I did ask him a series of rather basic questions in replying to his earlier comment on my Columbia report. I am sorry he has chosen not to respond to them. One of these questions I now repeat: Does Mr. Lowell still hold with the pacifism he professed in the past and, if so, how does he reconcile it with the violent methods employed by the insurrectionary minority at Columbia? I press the point for obvious reasons. Surely pacifism doesn't permit the distinction that Mr. Lowell makes between small and large violences any more than it countenances the use of violent means for even the best of ends. Perhaps Mr. Lowell no longer subscribes to the pacifist position; he doesn't say. Neither does he put himself on record as actually *approving* the methods of the SDS at Columbia. All he does say is that I should stop looking at the violent conduct of the insurrectionary students and give my full attention to the Vietnam war—let's wash the piss under Kirk's carpet and keep our minds on napalm.

THIS I am afraid I cannot do. In the first place, I am not prepared to say—is Mr. Lowell?—at what point and by what psychological alteration a violence which we had previously thought was big will come to seem small to us. I should suppose, as a matter of fact, that Mr. Lowell would agree with me that one of the frightening aspects of the Vietnam war is that Americans have got used to it as an act of violence and therefore don't respond to it with sufficient shock. Even changes in our manner of speech can represent a process of public accommodation to assault—take, for instance, the word "piss." Five years ago I very much doubt that Mr. Lowell would have used the word "piss" in a communication to this magazine. Certainly I know that I would not have picked it up: I would have found it inappropriately rough in the context. But the Columbia disturbances habituated me to such violent invective that my old standards of speech no longer prevail. And I am a mature woman: how much more available to this process of habituation are young people of nineteen or twenty, and not only in speech but in action.

Second, it happens to be true that violence begets violence. This assumption, in fact, is basic in the confrontation tactics of the New Left—the idea is to force the use of police, whose violence is then counted on to mobilize sympathy and support to the insurrectionary side. Thus we have a chain of mounting violence, from the "little" violence of piss on the President's carpet, or spitting at one's teachers, or seizing a building held for the public good, or destroying the researches of a professor with whom one doesn't agree, to the more substantial physical violence of the police. And parallel to this chain of mounting violence we have a chain of intensifying political reactions. When Mr. Lowell asks me to ignore the "little" violence at Columbia, in effect he is asking me to ignore the disastrous political consequences for all of us should these violences multiply in our society. If our insurrectionary minorities insist that the power of the police replace our present social authorities, there is every promise that their wish will be granted.

IT WOULD BE reassuring to believe that in measuring piss against napalm Mr. Lowell is merely playing a rhetorical game, but I don't think this is the case. I think that he is making serious reference to a scale of moral and political values in which quality is determined by quantity. This is remarkable in a man of his sensibility and is a response, I suspect, to a political culture—that of the intellectual Left—which would be robbed of its informing emotion of self-pity if it could accept the idea that its views, though not those of a majority in our society, yet have a measurable power in the society, manifested perhaps more subtly than the power of other interest groups but not finally incommensurate with it. Obviously there is a hierarchy of violence. The person who shoves you in the subway in order to grab your seat is not equivalently violent with someone who holds a gun to your head. But because he is not a murderer is he immune to moral judgment? A poet reacts with moral acuteness even to assaults on language. Why not, then, to assaults on human decency, and especially when these assaults are made in the name of a more decent society in which people will live with a sweeter awareness of themselves and others? There is nothing in the conduct of the SDS to persuade me that today's piss won't be tomorrow's more lethal weapon—unless those who, like Mr. Lowell, have the power to influence the dissident young (and what a sizable power it is!) stop fooling themselves that either they or the student population represent a negligible factor in the national life and speak out against their dangerous procedures with some simplicity and courage.

BUT TO charge Mr. Lowell with insufficient activism in protest of the war now being waged on our campuses does not, of course, constitute an adequate reply to his charge against me, of an insufficient activism in protest of the Vietnam war. As he defines activism, he is justified in this accusation—although I have written against the war whenever I could, I have joined no marches or demonstrations. But this is not because the war is remote from my concern—having a son of draft age brings it forcefully home to me—or because I would be reluctant to participate in orderly demonstrations, but because protest of the war has been preempted by political opinion in which I do not share and channelled in forms of action to which I cannot subscribe. In declaring my opposition to the war I cannot make a united front with the anti-Americanism which provides the over-arching principle of all "active" protest of our Vietnam engagement, nor adopt its strategies. I do not regard the war as burning evidence of our national viciousness. I can talk about American stupidity or complacency or about the contradictions between American capitalism and American idealism, but I cannot talk about American genocide in Vietnam or about American imperialist greed and rapaciousness in Vietnam—which means that I am without a passport to Mr. Lowell's world of political activism. My opposition to the war is based on the belief that its pursuit is the gravest of political mistakes; that its continuation and escalation, not its inception, constitute a most grievous distortion of democratic purpose; that in actual effect if not by intention America is now cast in the role of an independently combat-

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ant nation, even an aggressor nation. It is on this ground that I am against the war—because it is a bad political mistake with bad moral implications for our democratic future, and not because we use napalm. All war is hideous. The saturation-bombing of Dresden in a war to which I gave my support was no less hideous than the use of napalm in a war I oppose.

THESE OPINIONS I have already published and shall continue to publish wherever I have, or can make, the opportunity. But if we are to take Mr. Lowell at his word here, writing against the war does not qualify as an activity. He apparently doesn't regard thought as a form of action, even for professional intellectuals. In his view, reason exists in opposition to activism: he makes it an accusation against me that I prefer the confines of my mind to experience; he even makes it an accusation that I am—as he puts it—unconfused. But if reason is not consonant with the life of action, are we to conclude that action is only action when it is unreasonable, when it is agitated, feverish, nervous? These are the states of being to which Mr. Lowell calls me. He goes so far, in fact, as to propose that liberalism—the liberalism of Mill and Diderot, no less—is certified only in the degree that it discards reason in favor of these distressed emotions, and he warns me of the day when I shall have to meet my Maker.

Well, rationalist that I am, I am afraid that I have not been much concerned with my Maker. And when I have let my mind turn to the affairs of Heaven, I confess that it has never occurred to me to think of Mill and Diderot as seated on either side of the Heavenly Father. But should this indeed be the Judgment that awaits me, how very cozy for me—I know just what I shall say. To Mill I shall say that I did my best to see the truth, and to Diderot I shall say that I did my best to look beneath the appearance of things, especially the things that announce themselves as virtue; and maybe (I hope) I shall get by. But surely it will be a lonely paradise that I shall have attained to, and very dull: so few intellectuals to argue with.

II. The School Strike

Marilyn Gittell

MR. GOLDBLOOM'S article is the latest polemic in a series of pro-union arguments in the school controversy. Each of these articles builds on a piece by Eugenia Kemble, prepared for the UFT in November 1967, not two months after the creation of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville district. In these articles the Ocean Hill-Brownsville District Governing Board, the Unit Administrator, and the Mayor are invariably the villains, operating out of private political self-interest, while the UFT seeks the "public" good and job security for teachers. From Mr. Goldbloom's characterization of the UFT we can only conclude that the UFT conducted the 1967 strike to benefit ghetto parents, supported decentralization (the Marchi bill in particular), and provided the most outstanding, proven program for ghetto communities—MES (More Effective Schools). And according to Mr. Goldbloom, the union also helped shore up the Ocean Hill-Brownsville district by keeping teachers in the schools. This idealized image of the UFT makes one wonder why we are in the current crisis. Unfortunately, Mr. Goldbloom has his facts askew.

Actually, the two unsettled union issues in the 1967 strike were the MES schools and the disruptive child controversy. Yet Mr. Goldbloom never mentions them. Anyone who was living in New York City in September 1967 knows that the ghetto parents considered the UFT position on the disruptive child a "racist slur." Many organized community groups considered the UFT's insistence on MES in the contract in conflict with their drive for a greater policy role for parents. As a result, the schools in the ghetto communities were kept open by parents.

On the decentralization issue the UFT opposed not only the Bundy plan, the Mayor's plan, the Regents plan, *but also* the Marchi bill. If Mr. Goldbloom had at least checked the New York *Times* for a description of the Spring 1968 legislative session he would have found that Mr. Shanker fought to prevent the delegation of personnel powers to local districts provided by the Marchi bill; it was only when various legislators threatened to enact a stronger bill that he finally desisted.

To show union solidarity in the 1968 strike Mr. Goldbloom compares the 1967 and 1968 strikes, indicating the overall greater effectiveness of the 1968 strike. He neglects to mention that the CSA (Council of Supervisory Associations) support of the 1968 strike meant that the principals were out, and the schools were closed. As a result, teachers who wanted to teach could not get into schools. He omits, obviously with some intention, the strong opposition to the UFT position by John O'Neill, an Executive Board member; the subsequent removal of Mr. O'Neill from his policy-making position; and the formation of a black caucus in the union criticizing the strike. To ignore or explain away the opposition so simply is to avoid the main problem—the basic conflict between the UFT's interests and the interests of the ghetto community.

Mr. Goldbloom also neglects to mention that well over 100 teachers had left Ocean Hill-Brownsville by February 1968, before the spring strike action, so the UFT effort to keep teachers in the district was hardly successful, if indeed it even existed. On the other

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hand, in MES and demonstration district schools, the UFT insured the protection of teachers by providing for transfer at will.

According to Mr. Goldbloom, the union hesitated to support a special session of the legislature "precisely because it feared that decentralization of any sort would be killed." On November 3, Mr. Shanker called for a special session of the legislature. A review of television tapes of that period indicates that Mr. Shanker threatened daily to call a special session of the legislature and he was in fact meeting with state legislators to accomplish that end.

THE EXALTED view of the UFT's general commitment to the ghetto community and decentralization is provided as a backdrop to the major thesis of the article: that in order to foster a confrontation the Ocean Hill-Brownsville leaders spurned offers by the Superintendent and the UFT to transfer staff out of the district. As evidence of the good will of the school system we are treated to the Niemeyer quote, indicating that indeed the Superintendent had agreed to transfer teachers. If Mr. Goldbloom had bothered to ask Mr. McCoy and/or the Governing Board members why they spurned the offer (which by the way only confirms the contention of the NYCLU report that involuntary transfers do not have any due process procedure), he might have recognized several possible reasons for the action. One of the reasons might have been to remove 19 people, not one at a time (as could have been done with the Superintendent's assistance) over a two or three year period, but as a group and immediately, or, alternatively, to establish the Governing Board's power to do so. Even if the purpose was confrontation, let us say —to produce change in the system —as well it might have been, that action should be judged in the light of the conditions and frustrations of the black community and the historical responsiveness (or lack of it) of the system to their needs. If Mr. Goldbloom had not closed himself off even from the events of the year preceding the confrontation, he might have found good cause for McCoy's and the Governing Board's distrust of the Superintendent's promises and of the speed with which he might perform. In fact, during the year, requests by McCoy to transfer staff from one school to another within the district (an administrative power exercised by all district superintendents) were denied.

The major failure of the Goldbloom article (aside from the repeated errors in facts) is the denial of a basic conflict among the union, the school system, and the black community. A question Mr. Goldbloom never reflects on is why the UFT decided that it would confront the local board on involuntary transfers, since it had no previous history of concern with this matter. And, as a corollary to this question, why was the action escalated to city-wide proportions? Mr. Goldbloom unfortunately does not treat the recent incidents in New York City in the larger context of social issues in the country. One indication of his treatment of the subject is his discussion of trade-union support for the UFT position which is couched in the most simplistic terms. As a labor writer, Mr. Goldbloom, I am certain, is aware of the vested interests of many unions in maintaining the system as it is. A redistribution of power which might include local control over school planning and construction would seriously challenge current union practices. Unions which exclude black workers, particularly in the construction trades, could no longer monopolize jobs in these areas. The reader can hardly be expected to understand the deeper implications of all these events when the author himself places them in a narrow and highly parochial setting.

IN CONTRAST to the munificent portrait of the UFT, we are presented with the villainous and devious machinations of the experimental districts, particularly the Ocean Hill-Brownsville district. This lends support to another thesis of the Goldbloom article: that decentralization is a poor substitute for money to improve education. As might be expected, however, the author never bothers to review the educational programs in any of the districts. Instead we are treated to a tirade of misinformation. We are told there was no consultation with the local Parent Associations in the creation of the districts. In fact, in Ocean Hill-Brownsville two Parent Association presidents were on the Planning Committee and four Parent Association presidents ran for office and were elected to the Governing Board. In addition, *at least* 16 other candidates were active members in their Parent Associations. Mr. Goldbloom should have cross-checked his own story—he refers to the role of a Parent Association president a page after he makes his generalization. In each of the districts, meetings were held with UFT representatives, parents, teachers, community leaders, and Board of Education representatives to conclude agreement on the creation of the district.

We are also informed that Rhody McCoy was chosen as Unit Administrator by Father Powis on June 29, 1967. The teachers were not even consulted, claims Mr. Goldbloom. In fact, Mr. McCoy was appointed Planning Coordinator for the summer period on June 29, and as a photograph in Assemblyman Wright's newsletter for August will testify, two teacher representatives (Mr. Olshan and Mrs. Waxman) were present at the interview with Mr. McCoy. Mr. McCoy was not nominated as Unit Administrator until August 29, 1967, as Board minutes verify.

How Mr. Goldbloom ever arrived at the fact that "the usual turnout in local elections is over 70 per cent" is of great interest to me. His corollary judgment that the 25 per cent turnout in the school board election was low, indicates his lack of knowledge about voting behavior. In a contested local primary in Ocean Hill-Brownsville this year, approximately 5 per cent of the registered voters turned out; in the assemblyman election, as a per cent of registered voters, the turnout ranges from 17 to 50 per cent in the election districts in Ocean Hill-Brownsville. In poverty corporation elections, 3 to 5 per cent of the community votes; in model cities elections, about 3 per cent vote. Turnouts in local elections are notoriously low, especially in ghetto communities.

Many canvassers in Ocean Hill who were paid to get out the vote ran for office—some were elected, others were not. Mr. Goldbloom's suggestion that those who were paid were the only ones elected is not accurate.

ONE OF Mr. Goldbloom's most serious half-truths is his constant reference to the "illegal" principals in Ocean Hill-Brownsville, without any mention that the princi-

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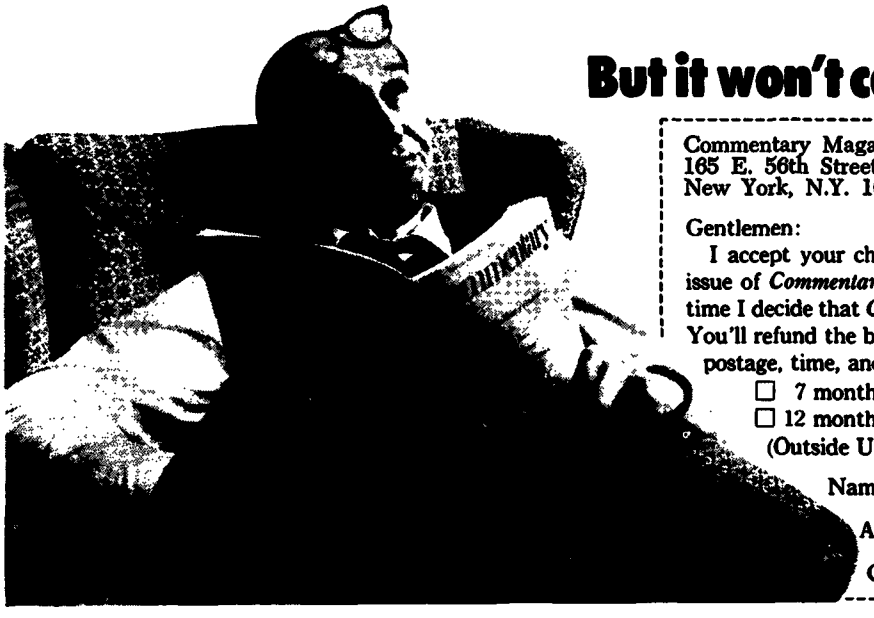

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pals' case was still on appeal. Since his article was written, the higher courts have overruled the earlier decision and upheld the appointment of the principals.

The author indicates his distress over the fact that many reporters on the scene assumed that the lack of Board guidelines caused much of the difficulty in the experimental districts. In rejecting this thesis, however, Goldbloom again skips over the facts. There were negotiations between the Board of Education and the demonstration districts in the winter of 1968 to try to reach agreement on a delegation of power. The guidelines drawn up by the Niemeyer Commission were considered a working document. (Niemeyer refers to them as *suggested* guidelines.) The districts also submitted a working document with stronger demands. They suggested that if the Board did not have the power to delegate, it should support an effort to get this power through legislative action, which the Board refused to do. No settlement was made because the Board said it could delegate *no* powers. Therefore it is fair to conclude that the Board of Education did not provide a plan.

It serves little purpose to cite all of the other errors in fact and statements of partial truth which round out Mr. Goldbloom's characterization of Ocean Hill-Brownsville as a corrupt enterprise. Although there is much to criticize legitimately, the actions of the leadership in the community can only be understood in the larger frame of reference of the city educational system and of American society. Mr. Goldbloom ignores every major study of the system, its over-centralization, its insulation from local pressures and demands, its alienation of ghetto communities. Although he admits to the educational failure of the system, he does not refer to the complete denial of political accountability and responsibility, to the frustrations and the distrust of the system which have accumulated over the years. The rush to get the experiment off the ground in Ocean Hill-Brownsville can only be understood in that context. Otherwise, one must conclude as Mr. Goldbloom does that these were devious men.

WHAT CAN only be interpreted as an intentional distortion of the background evidence is made in reference to my own study of the New York City school system, published in 1966. Mr. Goldbloom describes that study as a fiscal one, intended to increase state aid. He even avoids mentioning the title—*Participants and Participation: A Study of School Policy Making*—which might itself have raised serious question about his conclusion. Only two of the 150-odd pages of the study dealt with fiscal advantages. If Mr. Goldbloom had read the book he would know that it characterizes the New York City school system as a closed system, insulating policy-making professionals from the public. It recommends decentralization not for fiscal but for political and educational reasons. It clearly calls for a redistribution of power in the system to increase the participation of the larger community.

The inference that decentralization enthusiasts were concerned primarily with money is a new twist. It is, by the way, in complete contradiction to Goldbloom's earlier thesis that school reform plans tend to ignore the fact that increased funding is the only way to improve the school system.

Finally, his questioning of the composition and membership of the Bundy panel puts Mr. Goldbloom's views in their proper perspective. Anyone who judges that body (which included a former commissioner of education of the United States; a high school principal; a prominent urbanologist, labor leader, and former city school board member; a college professor; and the president of the Ford Foundation) as inferior because it did not include a representative of any of the major vested school interests in New York City must have a very narrow frame of reference for judging the school crisis. The Bundy report has become the classic document on school reform, and while New York City wallows in the mire of parochial vested interests and resistance to social change, other cities across the country will use it as a model for action.

Aryeh Neier

AT SEVERAL points in his article, Maurice Goldbloom disputes statements contained in a New York Civil Liberties Union report on Ocean Hill-Brownsville issued the previous October. The

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distortions and misstatements contained in Goldbloom's treatment of the NYCLU report are, I believe, characteristic of the entire article.

Let me respond to Goldbloom's disputes with the NYCLU report in the order in which they appear in his article.

1) GOLDBLOOM dismisses NYCLU's contention that the Ocean Hill-Brownsville Local Governing Board perceived the 1967 school strike as directed against itself and argues that the strike was "essentially one for the interests of the black and Puerto Rican communities." In fact, the most bitterly contested issue in the strike was that of the "disruptive child." The UFT sought, and won, a unique provision in its contract with the Board of Education allowing teachers to initiate suspensions of "disruptive children"—the great majority of whom turn out to be black and Puerto Rican. Despite the UFT's subsequent professions of dedication to due process, the ordinary elements of due process were entirely absent from this contractual provision for pupil suspensions.

It happens that Rhody McCoy spent his years before coming to Ocean Hill-Brownsville as an administrator of a "600" school, that is, one of the dumping grounds for "disruptive children." As far as I can tell, in Ocean Hill-Brownsville McCoy has discontinued the practice of shipping "disruptive children" to "600" schools. In view of the UFT's willingness to strike to achieve power over suspensions of "disruptive children," and in view of the way in which a McCoy and the principals he hired can frustrate the exercise of that power, the UFT's hostility to him is cause for little wonder. But it is cause for considerable wonder to have Goldbloom tell us that the 1967 strike was "for the interests of the black and Puerto Rican communities."

2) GOLDBLOOM disputes NYCLU's contention that much of the difficulty in Ocean Hill-Brownsville arose because of the failure of the city Board of Education to clarify its powers. Goldbloom says that the city Board started meeting with the Ocean Hill Board immediately after receiving its proposals for powers, on July 29, 1967. (Goldbloom actually uses the date August 29—though I assume that this error was just a slip.) Furthermore, says Goldbloom, the proposals contained demands "that

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the Board of Education transfer powers to it which the latter had no legal right to transfer and in certain cases did not even possess."

This argument by Goldbloom is quite mystifying since the proposals actually submitted on July 29, 1967 were the following:

1. The Board will be responsible and answerable to the New York City Superintendent of Schools and the State Commissioner of Education in all matters pertaining to the schools of this district.

2. The Board will be responsible for selecting and recommending for appointment a Project Administrator.

3. The Board will approve the Project Administrator's recommendations of principals for existing vacancies at PS 178, PS 87, PS 155, PS 144, and IS 55.

4. The Board will select and recommend for appointment a Business Manager.

5. The Board will select nominees for community-relations liaison and community-school worker positions from among community residents.

6. The Board will determine policy for the guidance of the Project Administrator in areas of curriculum, program, and professional personnel.

7. The Board will determine budgetary needs and allocate funds for same. In line with this, the nature of such an experimental school unit makes it imperative that needs be met as they arise. The Projects, therefore, shall be permitted to apply direcly for federal, state, and private funds to supplement the School Board's allotment.

8. The Board shall make provisions for periodic evaluations of the total program. Such evaluations will include the project administrator, principals, teachers, community workers, etc. This is not to be construed as meaning the board will do the evaluating. Existing Board of Education procedures for evaluating teachers will remain intact.

9. The Board will make periodic visits to schools in the experimental unit as provided by state regulations.

Just which of these powers the city Board "had no legal right to transfer" or "did not even possess" is not clear to me.

3) CONTINUING his attack on NYCLU's contention that the lack of guidelines within which the Ocean Hill-Brownsville Board was to function was a major factor in "scuttling the experiment," Goldbloom cites the Niemeyer Commission's report that in March 1968, "the three Demonstration Projects agreed upon a consensus document which demanded full authority although the Board of Education could not go beyond the legal limits placed upon it by the State Education Law."

Goldbloom fails to note that this "consensus document" was drawn up eight months after the Board of Education had received and had failed to act on the Ocean Hill Board's specific proposals for limited power. He also fails to note that the escalation of demands was a consequence of what the Niemeyer Commission described as the "lack of understanding and delay" with which the Local Governing Boards perceived the Board of Education to be responding to their earlier proposals. Finally, he fails to mention that the Niemeyer Commission noted that when the escalated "consensus" proposals were submitted in March 1968, the Project Boards, through their legal adviser, stopped short of contending that all the power wanted could be given, and only contended "that the Board of Education has the authority to delegate much of the power requested."

4) IN Goldbloom's final reference to NYCLU's report, he notes that we stressed the fact that the teachers were merely being "transferred." His implication is that this stress is unwarranted.

The letter sent to the teachers spoke of "reassignment," a term that is used interchangeably with "transfer" in the school system. The Niemeyer Commission makes it clear that the Project Board has steadfastly denied allegations that it intended anything other than transfers. Aside from what the letters said and what was intended by the Project Board, it is difficult to think what might be relevant to a determination of whether the Project Board "transferred" the teachers. The escalation of the "transfers" to "firings" by the UFT is one of the major causes of confusion over Ocean Hill-Brownsville.

If COMMENTARY's readers wish to examine a document which I regard as a more accurate account of the school crisis than Mr. Goldbloom's apology for the UFT, I recommend the November 13, 1968 issue of the *Center Forum*, a publication of the Center for Urban Education.

Maurice J. Goldbloom

IN READING Professor Gittell's letter, I sometimes had the feeling that she was referring to another article than mine, and another Ocean Hill-Brownsville than the one she helped to lead over the precipice of "confrontation." Thus she says my article "builds on" Eugenia Kemble's. Miss Kemble's article is an excellent one—though a good deal more optimistic about the Ocean Hill administration than subsequent events were to justify—but it covers only a small segment of my subject matter. Hence my use of it was necessarily very limited, and I had in fact undertaken this study before I had ever read it.

Again, Professor Gittell accuses me of "serious half-truths [in my] constant reference to the 'illegal' principals." This statement of Professor Gittell misses the status of a half-truth by exactly half; I made no references to "illegal principals." My only references to the litigation were strictly factual ones at the two points in the narrative where the issue inevitably came up.

She makes it appear as if I deny that the UFT *ever* supported the idea of a special session, whereas I specifically state that despite its reluctance it "finally decided that there was no other recourse in the face of the intransigence of Ocean Hill and the crescendo of attacks to which the union was being subjected by the city administration, the Board of Education, and the corporate establishment. . . ."

PROFESSOR GITTELL selects as her criteria for normal election turnout the votes in a primary and in the election for assemblyman, in which there were only *pro forma* contests in the district; in the 1968 election Assemblyman Samuel Wright defeated his nearest opponent by a margin of 6½ to 1. Full election figures for 1968 have not yet been published, but according

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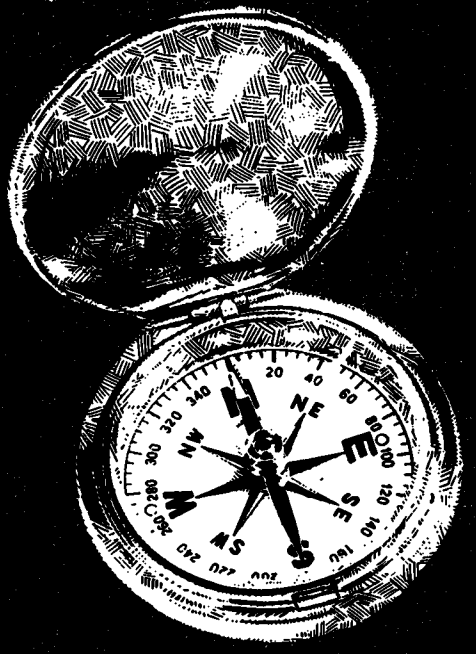

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to the Board of Elections approximately 22,000 of the 23,234 registered voters in the district went to the polls. This is about a 94 per cent turnout—very near the maximum possible in view of the fact that some people die, move, or are seriously ill on election day. Since 1968 was a Presidential year, the turnout was of course above average. Not all those who went to the polls voted for every office, so that the figures for individual offices are much lower; even for the Presidency, only 14,106 votes were cast for major party candidates. (Minor candidates may account for another hundred or so; Dick Gregory got 28 votes.) This is about 62 per cent of the total registration, and a slightly higher percentage of those actually eligible to vote on election day. (One reason for the large number of blanks is that many people inexperienced with voting machines push the levers down—and then pull them up again before leaving the booth to preserve the secrecy of their vote.) It is, incidentally, interesting to note that Herman Ferguson, like Professor Gittell a key adviser of the Ocean Hill Board, polled only 126 votes for Senator in the Assembly District despite an intensive campaign on his behalf by the Panthers, Brooklyn CORE, and their "community" allies.

As for the success of paid election workers as candidates in the elections, I did not say that *only* those candidates who were election workers got in; even one case would be scandalous, and there were several. As for Professor Gittell's book, I did indeed read it, but I did not feel any compulsion to discuss its rhetoric. What seemed to me of interest was the historical context in which it was produced; I doubt if Professor Gittell's recommendation of five borough systems was determined by either social or educational considerations. If it was, I find it hard to understand why she objects to the UFT's proposal that there be not more than fifteen districts—three times what she suggested.

To answer a number of Professor Gittell's other points briefly: The conflict was escalated to a city-wide one because the whole resources of the city system had been utilized to enable the Ocean Hill Board to replace the local teachers, something it could never have done by itself. The number of regular teachers who transferred out in February 1968 was 22; in addition, a number of supervisors were in effect forced out by harassment, and a good many substitutes simply did not sign up again. The number of regular teachers transferring was well under the 10 per cent (not "unlimited" as Professor Gittell asserts) transfers permitted under the UFT's agreement. The fact that Mrs. Elaine Rooke—a Parent Association president and parent representative on the Governing Board although she no longer lives in the district or has children in school there—participated in the Planning Board does not mean that parents were consulted *before* the grant for the experimental district was made. They were not; the grant was given to Father Powis, who originally intended to use it in an adjoining district in which he also had parishioners. And the establishment of the Two Bridges district was opposed by most of the Parent Associations in the district. The changes the UFT sought in the Marchi bill relating to powers over personnel involved provisions for the protection of tenure and other rights. The UFT did not insist on them when legislators pointed out that these were already protected under other state laws.

ON ONE POINT, however, I find Professor Gittell's letter of substantial interest—her explanation of why the Ocean Hill Board's purpose in removing the 19 teachers might well have been to produce a confrontation. Since she was one of the Board's principal advisers at the time—and the one through whom it received its funds—this is additional evidence that the initiative for the confrontation did indeed come from that Board and its advisers, rather than from the UFT, as charged by the New York Civil Liberties Union pamphlet.

Both Professor Gittell and Mr. Neier refer to the "disruptive child" issue; this was an issue pushed into the foreground by UFT Vice-President John O'Neill at the beginning of the strike. But Mr. O'Neill's original proposals were modified by the UFT's Delegate Assembly to limit sharply the causes for which children could be removed from class; the final procedure adopted included rather detailed provision for parent participation in all decisions and the establishment of district appeals boards, with parent representation, to review all cases. This *is* due process, Mr. Neier to the contrary notwithstanding. Incidentally, it might be a good idea for Professor Gittell and Mr. Neier to examine their own attitudes to see why they identify "disruptive" with "black and Puerto Rican"; I can assure them that there were disruptive children in some of the all-white schools in which I taught.

Mr. Neier presents the document adopted by the Ocean Hill Planning Board on July 29—but not submitted to the Board of Education until a month later—as if it represented the full extent of the Governing Board's demands. In fact it does not; other demands, such as the right to maintain its own bank accounts—a demand the Board of Education could not grant because the Board itself has no such power, but sends vouchers for payment to the City Comptroller—are mentioned in the Niemeyer report. The Governing Board kept raising demands which were *not* in the original proposal, and in general it was these the Board of Education did not grant.

IF MR NEIER is still in doubt as to other considerations relevant to the question of whether the teachers were "transferred," I will cite two. One is Mr. McCoy's statement that "not one of these teachers will be allowed to teach anywhere in this city. The black community will see to that." Another is that a transfer is not only *from* one place but *to* another; the Ocean Hill Board not only did not provide a place *to* which the teachers would be transferred, but could not do so. Instead it told them to report to the Board of Education for "reassignment" without getting the agreement of the Board of Education or even informing it. This is like making someone take a parachute jump from a plane—without a parachute. Mr. Neier can find further points in my article and my critique of the NYCLU pamphlet; it would be redundant to repeat them here.

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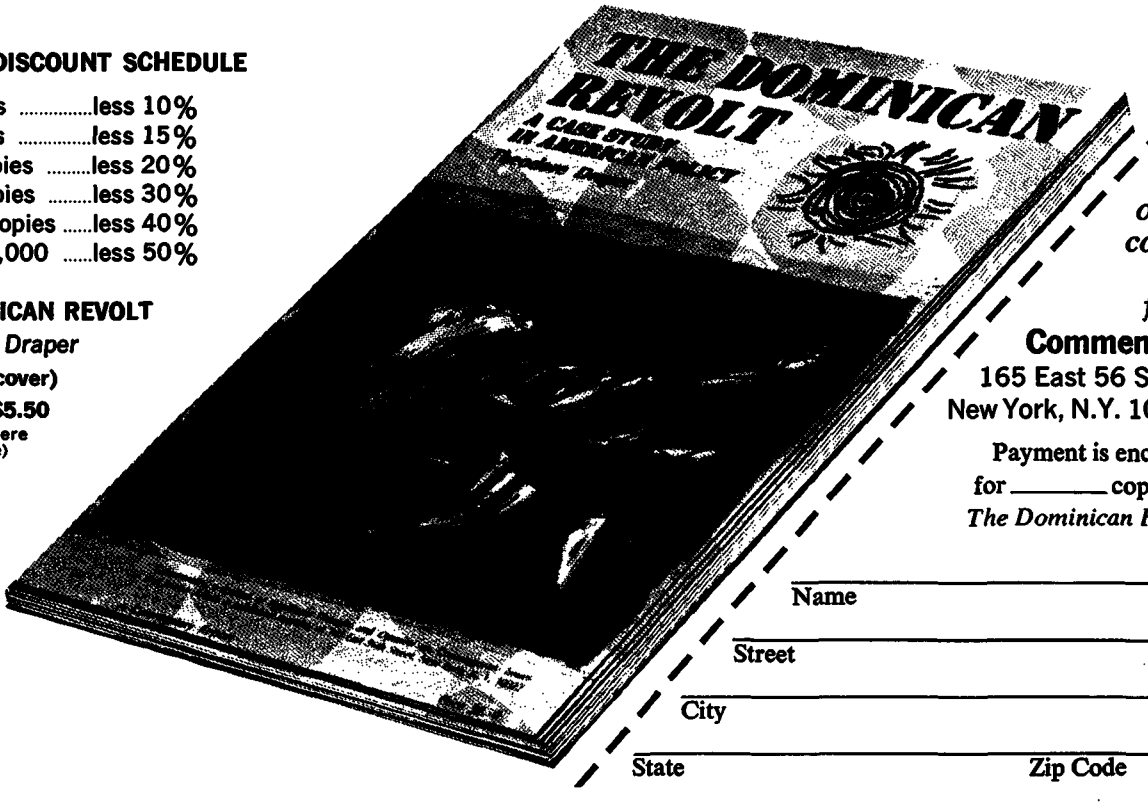

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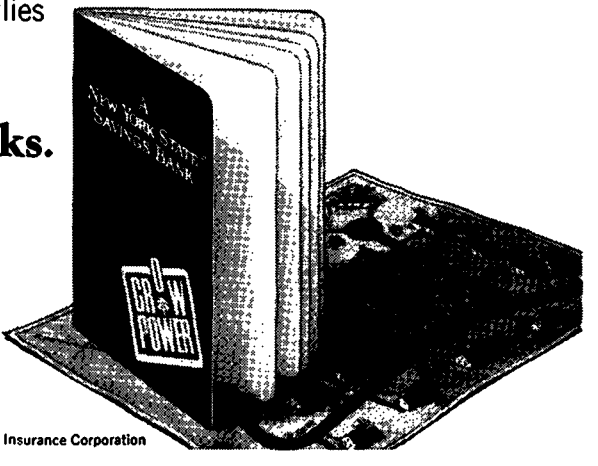

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Nathan Glazer here continues the discussion inaugurated by Earl Raab's "The Black Revolution & the Jewish Question" (January) and Milton Himmelfarb's "Is American Jewry in Crisis?" (March). Mr. Glazer is currently teaching at the Harvard Graduate School of Education. His books include Beyond the Melting Pot *(with Daniel P. Moynihan),* The Lonely Crowd *(with David Riesman and Reuel Denney), and* American Judaism.

Blacks, Jews & the Intellectuals

Nathan Glazer

I THINK it is all for the best that Earl Raab and Milton Himmelfarb have raised as sharply as they have in the pages of COMMENTARY the issue of black anti-Semitism—its extent, its sources, and its dangers. I do not think it for the best that this issue has made the cover of *Time*, the front pages of the New York *Times*, and the local television stations in New York City. Now this is a strategic judgment based on my own tentative answers to the following three questions: First, are Jews actually threatened by black anti-Semitism? Second, is there an alliance, or a potential alliance, developing between black militants and the WASP Establishment? Third, if indeed there is a threat to Jews, whether it involves an alliance between the black militants and the WASP Establishment or not, how can it best be countered? My view as to the type of publicity and discussion which is now needed derives from my judgment on these three points. And my conclusion is that we need a good deal of discussion and education within the Jewish community; that we need a good deal of discussion between Jews and whatever Negro leaders we can reach; but that we do not need mass publicity.

To begin with the question of anti-Semitism among Negroes, I suspect that the various studies and polls indicating that Negroes are no more anti-Semitic than other Americans, and perhaps even less so, probably do not reflect Negro opinion today: opinion among Negroes on many issues, after all, has been very volatile and has been changing very rapidly. Studies still show most Negro opinion to be "moderate"; but whatever the case may be with regard to the Negro population as a whole, I would argue that what should concern us is not so much the general level of anti-Semitic feeling in the ghetto as the dramatic increase in expressions of anti-Semitism among some Negro—or at this point I should say black—leaders. Jews surely have nothing to complain about when it comes to the position of Roy Wilkins, Whitney Young, A. Philip Randolph, Bayard Rustin, and other such figures within the Negro community. Indeed, these men have, in one form or another, taken stances that have opened them to attack by other black leaders, that have certainly reduced their appeal to young blacks, and that have even placed them in physical danger.

But of course these older national leaders, who have a long experience of working with Jewish and non-Jewish organizations in the fight to pass civil-rights, anti-discrimination, and anti-poverty legislation, are now supplemented by a newer breed of national leader—people like Stokely Carmichael, Roy Innis, LeRoi Jones, Eldridge Cleaver, and Wilfred Ussery. The new breed are attached to smaller organizations—sometimes so small as to be almost nonexistent—or no organizations at all. They have built their reputations on varying combinations of militant rhetoric, the emphasis on Black Power, the denunciation of whites and white racism, the demand that Negroes build up their own institutions, the demand that the holdings of whites in the ghetto be liquidated, the demand for revolution and for the total transformation of the social, economic, and political structure of the country.

Leaders of this stamp would not dream of opposing themselves to expressions of anti-Semitism in the black community; they have, on the contrary, sometimes given the lead to these expressions, justifying and legitimizing them. They have generally encouraged what to my mind is a quite irrational analysis of the Negro situation in the United States, and while they have sometimes fostered programs of some value, they have also helped to embed these programs in a context of vituperative language and violent feeling that all but vitiates their positive effects. Programs for black control of business and land in the ghetto, for local control of schools, for making the police responsible to the community, for the election of black candidates—all these are good programs, and certainly improving the position of blacks in this country will depend to some extent on their successful implementation (which is not to say that other types of effort are not also necessary). But when programs like these are put forward in such a way as to cast anyone who opposes them in the role of a racist or of a repulsive animal, the good that might come from instituting them cannot easily be divorced from the evil that certainly follows upon the legitimation of hatred. A self-excul-

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pating and other-denouncing interpretation of all one's troubles is always an available option for human beings; to choose or overemphasize this option in connection with the situation of the American Negro is undoubtedly to create deep divisions in the country, and to disseminate ideas among Negro youth which are not only objectively false but which will make it all but impossible for them to change the conditions that govern their lives.

IN LOCAL communities throughout the country, moderate and militant leaders compete for attention and support. In every black neighborhood of every city, there have arisen spokesmen who have been intemperate and unrestrained in their attacks on whites, on the "power structure," on policemen, teachers, social workers, landlords, businessmen, and—where these are Jews—on Jews. These local militants, helped along by television, have tended to drown out the more rational voices, but it is important to bear in mind that (with the one major exception of Adam Clayton Powell) *elected* representatives of Negro communities—the by now hundreds of congressmen, state legislators, mayors, city councilmen, and so on—have by and large not shared in the trend toward the working up of hatred and hysteria. Thus, so far as I can recall, of all the anti-Semitic statements which have recently been publicized by the mass media, not a single one has come from an elected representative of the black community. This is a startling fact, and one we should not forget. It provides a basis on which Jews and Jewish groups could well build their strategy for trying to prevent anti-Semitism among Negroes from rising to epidemic proportions—a danger I do not by any means consider negligible but which I do not believe is already upon us.

Not only have elected Negro leaders generally avoided the most inflammatory rhetoric; even leaders outside the circle of regularly elected officials—those involved in area poverty programs and in the newly developing model city programs —have in many cities tended to be somewhat less fevered in attitude and statement than their more widely publicized fellow militants. Once again, I think there is something here we should ponder. The poverty programs, after several years of near chaos and permanent conflict, are in many places achieving a degree of stability, thanks to the final settlement of the "constitutional" issues (how the governing boards should be set up, what role the mayor should play, what kind of local elections should be held, etc.). Those of us who watched the workings of this process with some dismay, and with the apprehension that the most irrational sections of the community would be elevated to leadership and spokesman status, must now admit that in a significant number of cases this has not happened. That it has not happened, of course, is in itself a testimony to the radicalization of black communities—the radicals of three or four years ago have now found new radicals rising to their Left. But the "older" radicals will not give up their positions so easily, and many see them as stepping stones to the elective opportunities that have opened up everywhere for Negroes.

I want, then, to emphasize these sources of stability and moderation in Negro communities throughout the country: the opinion of ordinary Negroes of all kinds, the majority of whom are probably not even as yet anti-white, let alone anti-Jewish; the opinion of national Negro leaders who speak out against anti-Semitism and other vicious tendencies; and, most important, the opinion of local leadership, elected and appointed, which tries to resist the most extreme forms of violent expression, which tries to develop programs that have a realistic chance of improving the position of Negroes, and which sees its own future as best assured in an increasingly tolerant and integrated American society. And all this is based on the reality of growing numbers of Negroes who hold stable jobs, whether middle-class or working-class, who do have something to lose from the fire and the flood, and who are certainly at least ambivalent about releasing destruction on the entire society.

That is the first important point. The second—it has been made by many Negro leaders—is that to focus on anti-Semitism alone, understandable as this may be for Jews, is to mistake the developing trend of opinion within the black communities. Anti-white expressions—expressions of anger, of hatred—are daily becoming more open and more extreme in the ghetto. They are taught in the new black theater and black arts movements, they are taught in the new black-controlled schools, they are spread through the new television programs controlled by black militants. Black pride, of course, is also taught in all these new forums—though it unfortunately tends more and more to be tied to black anger and black hatred. But the object of these emotions is still primarily the white society (the word "honky" derives from the derogatory "bohunk") and not the Jews.

So far it is only in New York City that anti-white feelings take on a predominantly anti-Jewish tone, owing undoubtedly to the prominence of Jews among teachers, businessmen, landlords, social workers, and most of the other professional and occupational groups (except for the police) who come into direct contact with Negroes. But almost everywhere else anti-whitism reigns, and becomes differentiated into animosity against Poles, Italians, or Irish, as the local ethnic mix may determine. The anti-Semitic deviation of anti-whitism has become so prominent in our minds partly because two-fifths of the Jewish population of the United States lives in New York, and partly because the headquarters of the mass media are located there. (I doubt that *Time*

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would have done a cover story on Negro-Jewish tensions if it were published from Chicago, for example.) Of course Jews are far more sensitive to anti-Semitism than Poles, Italians, or Irish are to expressions of prejudice against them. Jews have good reason to be sensitive—they are still, despite the loose way in which the word genocide has come to be used, the only people (along with the Gypsies) who have been subjected, and as recently as twenty-five years ago, to the effort of a great power to wipe them off the face of the earth: an effort that was, for Europe at least, in large measure successful. And the Jewish state in Israel is still the only one in the world, aside from Biafra, which has good reason to fear that genocide is the aim and policy of its unreconciled enemies. Nevertheless, for most American Negroes there is as yet no reason to equate anti-whitism with anti-Semitism, though an intense concentration by the mass media on black anti-Semitism might well succeed in identifying the two in the minds of many Negroes.

Now let me pass on to a third point which seems to me of the utmost importance for all of us who are concerned with black anti-Semitism. It is this: the expansion and inflammation of anti-Semitism among blacks, while fed by material already present at the grass roots, has largely been the work of the black intelligentsia—to use an unfortunately indispensable word—abetted and assisted and advised by a white, predominantly Jewish, intelligentsia. When we attack black anti-Semitism, let us be perfectly clear that we are attacking the fruits of five years of growing rage and irrationality, centered among radical college students, but encouraged by a wide range of white intellectuals, many of them of Jewish origin.

The question here is not so much whether the ideas that have been propagated so assiduously in the last five years are understandable, excusable, or even right. The question rather has to do with the effect of an increasingly powerful stream of opinion that has glorified violence—the violence of revolutionaries, of rebels, and even of simple criminals and delinquents; that has depicted all the major institutions of the society—the government, the army, the universities, business—as mad and cruel; that has relentlessly attacked the so-called "middle-class virtues" of work, diligence, punctuality, family responsibility, concern with the accumulation and maintenance of property, and so on.

To ask the question is to answer it. This stream of opinion has helped to legitimize violence, the destruction of property, the destruction of institutions, the impulsive expression of emotion—and not only among the upper-middle-class youth, who still presumably had a fund of socialization that would inhibit the most extreme acting out of the teachings to which they were being subjected; it also exerted its influence on the lower-class youth. In ever growing numbers lower-class youth were drawn into the larger society—through poverty programs, work programs, educational programs, entrance to colleges and universities; they arrived only to discover that the ideal mode of life, according to such gurus of the time as Norman Mailer and Edgar Z. Friedenberg and their followers in the *New York Review of Books*, the underground press, the college press, and even *Playboy* and *Esquire*, was the one they had just left behind, and that the "middle-class" society into which they were moving was racist and corrupt.

To be sure, there were materials for black anti-Semitism in the concrete contacts of blacks and Jews. But these materials had to be interpreted, the interpretations had to be turned into attitudes, the attitudes had to be spread among young whites, and through their sycophantic association with young blacks, among young blacks. And taught these attitudes were. They were taught when young white radicals, mostly Jewish, accepted without argument anti-Zionist and anti-Semitic resolutions at the National Conference for New Politics. They were taught when Marvin Garson, in his underground San Francisco *Express-Times*, published a speech of Stokely Carmichael explaining why all blacks must support Egypt against Israel, and attacking "the honky who stole a heart out of our brother and put it into another devil." They were taught when the *Black Panther*, supported by Jewish and other white radicals, printed anti-Semitic poems and articles. In short, if we are to learn how to fight the recrudescence of anti-Semitism, I think it is essential that we understand it as an element of the enraged nihilism that so many white and Jewish intellectuals have encouraged and supported among black intellectuals—and not only intellectuals.

A recent issue of the *Black Panther* carries a full-page ad of the International Committee to Support Eldridge Cleaver. The distinguished sponsors of the committee include Allen Ginsberg, Herbert Gold, Norman Mailer, Paul Jacobs, Edgar Friedenberg, Marcus Raskin, Jack Newfield, Nat Hentoff, Susan Sontag, Arthur Waskow, Jules Feiffer, Robert Brustein, Maurice Zeitlin, Noam Chomsky, Richard Lichtman, Robert Silvers, Theodore Solotaroff, and others. The same issue of the *Black Panther* contains an admiring story about Al Fatah, which "pioneered . . . the road of armed struggle which brooks no false solutions, does not recognize the so-called peaceful solution, and knows only the gun as the sole means to achieve victory." A month earlier, the headline of another story in the *Black Panther* on Al Fatah read: "Palestine Guerrillas versus Israeli Pigs." The *Black Panther* is published by the Ministry of Information of the Black Panther party; the head of that Ministry, even in hiding or exile, is still Eldridge Cleaver. Now the Jewish supporters of

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Eldridge Cleaver probably do not know about the stories on Al Fatah—which are rather moderate as Black Panther rhetoric goes. But they hardly need them to learn that the Black Panthers believe that the gun is the only solution to problems, that policemen are "pigs," and that to kill them is not murder (just as to kill Jewish "swine" was not murder to Nazis); Cleaver's Jewish defenders also ought to know that the major impact of the Black Panthers on the black community is to terrorize moderates and to justify acts of violence.

Let us not phrase the issue in terms of Negro against Jew—that would be unkind to many Negroes, and too kind to many Jews. Let us recall instead that Andrew Kopkind, writing in the *New York Review of Books* (edited by Robert Silvers and Barbara Epstein), glorified the violence and destruction of the Newark riots, and called for more. Let us recall that Paul Jacobs helped establish Eldridge Cleaver at *Ramparts,* that Robert Scheer edited his last book, that Jacobs and Philip Shapiro lost money when he jumped bail. Let us recall that Marvin Garson publishes bloodthirsty prophecies in his *Express-Times* depicting an uprising in Berkeley in which hundreds of policemen are killed and the Chancellor of the University is murdered before a cheering "revolutionary" tribunal, and that Max Scheer is the editor of the Berkeley *Barb* in which no act of violence by blacks against whites is criticized, and in which every possible act of sabotage and destruction is looked upon with glee. If anyone thinks all this is only literature and exerts no influence on what young blacks think and do, whether directly, or indirectly through its influence on young whites, then he is a fool.

I do not want to deprive blacks of all the credit for the mood of violence that hangs over the country and frightens almost everyone, but we must acknowledge that white intellectuals, and that—to repeat—means in large measure Jewish intellectuals, have taught violence, justified violence, rationalized violence. Anti-Semitism is only a part of this whole syndrome, for if the members of the middle class do not deserve to hold on to their property, their positions, or even their lives, then certainly the Jews, the most middle-class of all, are going to be placed at the head of the column marked for liquidation.

Once we understand this, we will see that, ironically, the advice black militants give to whites—"go work among your own kind"—applies to Jews too. We can work with the radical Jewish intellectuals who support or sympathize with such groups as the Black Panthers, and ask them to consider with us whether the ills of this society cannot be remedied in any way other than the enraging of vast parts of the population—a rage, we can point out in addition, that will do nothing to solve the problems but can do a great deal to bring everyone down, including even Jewish editors, writers, and professors.

THIS BRINGS me to the question of the alliance which Raab and Himmelfarb see developing between the WASP Establishment and black militants against Jews. The first major act of the alliance, it is suggested, was the attempt to turn control of the New York City schools over to local community groups—an act which resulted in the terrible teachers' strike and the consequent exacerbation of anti-black sentiments among Jews and anti-Jewish sentiments among blacks. There are, in my opinion, a number of serious errors in leaning too heavily on this view of the matter.

First, I think it is an illusion to see the Establishment as exclusively WASP; Jews are part of the Establishment too. They may not know it or believe it. But just as John F. Kennedy, even when he was President, could on occasion feel that "they" (the white Protestant bankers and industrialists) really ran everything and that he was only an outsider still trying to get into the central citadels of true power, so too we have this illusion among Jews. If the Establishment acts stupidly to increase race prejudice and hatred, Jews must bear part of the responsibility. For it is not only in the mass media and as intellectuals that Jews play a significant role in shaping what this country thinks and does; they also play such a role as part of the major power centers of the nation—business, government, the universities. When the Establishment does things to reward black demagogues and to discourage moderates, to seek out those with the most inflammatory rhetoric and to ignore those who wish to do good and productive work, then Jews are doing these things too. And if Jews are doing these things, a serious job of education must be undertaken among them.

Secondly, let us consider the fact that if the Establishment has acted to sacrifice the interests of the lower-middle-class Jewish teachers in New York to black militants in the hope of achieving civic peace, it has acted in exactly the same way with regard to the interests of all working-class and lower-middle-class groups, Jewish and non-Jewish alike. When the Establishment calls these people racists because they want protection from criminals, it is also Jews who call them racists, who develop this interpretation and spread it in the mass media. Jews have been prominent in fighting for integrated housing, for integrated schools, for the entry of Negroes into labor unions and closed job areas. All these were and are good and worthy fights. But how often have the Jews who were active in these battles been people whose children went to private schools anyway, whose houses were in areas too expensive to be affected by integration, who did not care one way or another about the concerns of skilled labor? How often have Jews and WASPS together been indifferent or insensitive to the feelings and fears of the working and lower-middle classes in this country? When finally one large group of Jewish job-

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holders—the New York teachers—suddenly found its security and its seniority rights threatened, there was an outcry over anti-Semitism. But in the past, when Irish or Italian or Polish working-class groups saw what they conceived to be their interests threatened, it was Jewish liberals who were among the first to shout "racism" (and of course many of these same Jewish liberals also shouted "racism" at the teachers).

My argument is not that housing and school and job integration were or are unimportant causes; on the contrary, they continue to be essential goals. What I am saying is that it is only with ill grace that Jews can attack WASPs for ignoring, or seeking security at the expense of, Jewish interests—Jews themselves have been guilty of insensitivity in relation to other people for a long time. The real issue in both cases—since the rise of the Negroes must at some point occasion serious challenges to the interests of others—is what is right, and how what is right can be accomplished.

But the attack on the WASP Establishment becomes even more ironic when we remember that the programs for which it is being attacked are after all the very programs that intellectuals and social scientists, among them many Jews, have been so busy selling to the foundations and the corporations. We have all joined in the assault on bureaucrats—school bureaucrats, police bureaucrats, social-work bureaucrats. We have all talked about breaking down the large structures that rob people of their freedom and deny the individual control over his own fate. We have all thought up schemes by which we might return to smaller and more manageable communities and institutions. Then, when the Ford Foundation, influenced in no insignificant measure by our ideas, decides to do something about them, we discover, *mirabile dictu*, that the bureaucracies, which deny to some the power to control their own lives, at the same time give a bit of that power to others—through such despised civil-service protections as examinations, due process, and all the rest.

After all, how do foundations and reform mayors operate? They go to intellectuals, to social scientists, and to other "experts" who are credited with having the best ideas, and while it is true that they pick and choose among them, the surprising thing is how accepting they have been of expert opinion, and how modest in imposing the views they might have developed from business experience and a WASP cultural background. They have accepted the idea that people need not be taught to work hard, or to study in order to qualify, or to be judged in accordance with impersonal and universal criteria. They have accepted the idea that they ought to support revolutionaries because revolutionaries have access to the grass roots, and they have accepted the idea that they should not support moderates because moderates are Uncle Toms whose belief in the bourgeois virtues cuts them off from their own people.

Conceivably there are WASPs who see in anti-Semitism an opportunity to divert black rage. But if they are adopting this strategy on their own, it shares a good deal in common with a number of other strategies that they did not devise on their own and that have been sold to them by the intelligentsia.

I NOW COME to the third question: What is to be done? I think this has already been implicitly answered in much of what precedes.

In asking what is to be done, one is also asking who is to do it. The first agents I have in mind are the responsible leaders of the Jewish community, in particular those who work through the national and local defense agencies. It is they who have a mandate from the Jewish community to act in these matters. But it is also perfectly clear that there is no one Jewish community, just as there is no one black or Negro community. Thus, neither groups nor individuals within the Jewish community can be prevented from taking what to the thinking of the chief Jewish defense agencies is ill-advised action, no more than ill-advised action can be prevented in the Negro communities. Negroes are often, and legitimately, angered when people talk as if they were a monolithic entity, or as if all Negroes were responsible for what any Negro does. We understand this well enough in the Jewish community, where we have Zionists and anti-Zionists; liberals and conservatives; supporters of black violence and those who are outraged by it; Orthodox, Conservative, and Reform; American super-patriots and radical opponents of American imperialism. Nevertheless, despite this enormous diversity, there are agencies empowered to act, agencies which the majority of Jews expect to act on their behalf.

The first thing we must do—not the most import thing, but the first—is to refurbish our thinking on the basis of our experience with Nazism and with the lesser anti-Semitism which has existed in this country. I say this not to equate black anti-Semitism with Nazism—the comparison is of course ridiculous, since blacks, or even black anti-Semites, have neither the all-embracing ideology nor anything near the power to enforce it that Nazism had. I simply wish to refer to historic experience, and ask that we learn something from it. One of the things that we can learn from it, I believe, is that when we deal with relatively small movements, or with the statements of single individuals, it is folly to give them the widest possible circulation. Thus, when the *Black Panther* prints anti-Semitic articles, our aim should not be to broadcast them far and wide; our aim should rather be to inform those who sympathize with the Black Panther party and who might otherwise not know what it stands for (it is for this purpose that I describe such articles here, in the pages of COMMENTARY); our aim should be to get moral

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and financial support withdrawn from the Black Panthers.

In the case of less virulent organizations and individuals, our first effort should be to contact the people concerned by having those they consider friends talk to them and attempt to convince them they are wrong, and that what they are doing is bad for blacks and bad for the country. In other words, our response should be carefully proportioned to the kind of circulation that black anti-Semites can develop on their own. If they themselves can only reach a small audience, we should be sure that, in attacking them, we do not make it possible for them to reach a large audience. Thus, the FM station WBAI in New York City gives time to Leslie Campbell to read an anti-Semitic poem and to Julius Lester to attack Jews, but has a very small listening audience, probably made up largely of Jews. The Jewish organizations should use their weight to make strong private representations to WBAI, and to urge Jews, if these representations are not taken seriously, to discontinue their financial contributions to the station.

One reason for following this course as far as possible is that the black militant leaders themselves are in constant and fierce competition for publicity—they have little organized support, and their power is based on access to the TV news media and the newspapers. When they gain such access, their position as spokesmen or leaders is enhanced. If they resort to anti-Semitism, we should try, as private citizens exercising our democratic right of protest, persuasion, and pressure, to deny them this access.

There is another and more difficult point to be made in this connection. A good deal of what some Jews might consider anti-Semitism is in some sense fair comment. When a Negro leader says that Jewish storekeepers exploit blacks, this may be untrue, but there *are* Jewish storekeepers in the ghetto, and according to the puerile but widespread thinking so fashionable in intellectual circles today, all forms of trade involve exploitation. To denounce the statement as anti-Semitism is to give the charge more publicity than it deserves, and to raise complex issues concerning the point at which the discussion of the Jewish role in social, political, and economic life becomes anti-Semitism. Thus, I believe the reaction to the Metropolitan Museum of Art catalogue on the "Harlem on My Mind" exhibit was greatly exaggerated. A sixteen-year-old girl wrote the introduction; it was drawn from the work of a Jewish author (the present writer), though with changes; it was selected and edited by a Jewish editor, who had previously staged a sympathetic and widely admired exhibit on the Jews of the Lower East Side. At worst this was a case of poor judgment, and if the Jewish agencies had had the power to do so, it would have been better to have handled it privately, or let it pass.

These are all of course questions of tactical judgment, and I know I speak in an area in which the Jewish defense agencies have developed a good deal of professional experience. I know also that they often act in accordance with the rough guidelines I have been suggesting. My plea is only that they resist the temptation and the pressure to forget their own most reliable tactics.

ANOTHER job which must be done within the Jewish community is to educate Jews who give so freely to liberal and progressive causes—Jews who have set up foundations, Jews who work in foundations—into the awareness that it is suicidal to support irresponsible black demagogues whose chief claim to leadership is their ability to get on television by making outrageous remarks. It is to my mind stupid—and that is the mildest term I can think of—that the Black United Front of Boston, which attacked Brandeis University as "racist" during the black student sit-in there, should have been given $300,000 by two energetic young men, one with a Jewish name, who had raised it from the businessmen of Boston as a way, they asserted, of gaining the confidence of alienated blacks. It is stupid for foundations that derive their funds from the wealth of Jewish families to support people whose program is to enrage blacks to the point where they consider it just that Jewish teachers should be physically threatened and Jewish businessmen robbed and even killed, or to award grants to people who cannot resist resorting to anti-Semitism. Thus, when Wilfred Ussery, national chairman of CORE, who has made anti-Semitic remarks, engages in efforts to raise funds to develop black-owned enterprises in the ghetto, Jews should use whatever influence they have to insure that his efforts are not rewarded. There are many Negro organizations interested in developing black-owned enterprises in the ghetto, and of these many are led by people who realize that this country has been built upon, and that its future still depends upon, mutual tolerance among groups. It is they who deserve support.

Assuming that the strategy I have been sketching is the right one for Jews in dealing with black anti-Semitism, there is still a serious problem. For so long as Jews themselves are bedazzled by an ideology which asserts that only hatred can solve the problems of blacks in this country, they will be unable to carry out such a strategy. If Jews honestly believe that their own evil deeds are significantly responsible for the position of blacks in America, or that their own "racism" makes it impossible for them, as free citizens of a free country, to exercise their independent judgment on which public policies are best for minority groups and for the nation as a whole, then they can only accept whatever the next black tells them is the highest wisdom—even if he tells them to kill themselves, as indeed some blacks have.

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Much of what I have written above will strike some people as a simple and selfish defense of Jewish interests—jobs, businesses, civil-service positions, and the rest. But that is not what it is at all. My views are based on an analysis of the causes of Negro misery and the measures needed to alleviate it. The Negro position may have been created by American race prejudice, in which Jews have of course shared, but the abolition of the last iota of prejudice—even if that were possible, which it is not—would at this point make little difference. The black position in America today is a function less of the present level of white racism than of the inadequate development of various skills and abilities within the Negro population; of our failure to create income-maintenance and job programs that could have compensated for those deficiencies in skills and education until other programs were developed to overcome them; and of certain cultural features which have grown up within the black community.

Now all these factors will be affected positively by a certain degree of autonomy—by the development of black pride, by the development, with white support where possible, of institutions that Negroes control and use. But if autonomy and pride can only be developed through hatred of other Americans, through a total refusal to consider one's own responsibility to change, through romantic visions of an independent black state—if this point of view should prevail in the black community, the best we can hope for is a permanently depressed and resentful population, and there is scarcely a limit to the worst we can fear. If, however, we can proceed along the path of practical programs of improvement, I believe more Negroes will enter the middle class and the stable working class, more will enter the "Establishment," more will achieve power through elective office, more integration will take place in many areas, and Negroes will find themselves in a position in American society similar to that of other ethnic and racial groups.

Obviously, many disagree with this assessment of the situation. There are those who feel that Negroes will only be happy in a separate society; there are those who believe, as so many young radicals do, that the successes of American society are a hypocritical sham, and that it deserves only to be destroyed. Holding these beliefs, they will of course support the black extremists. They may also feel that anti-Semitism is a regrettable and inevitable corollary of the proper political outlook for blacks. If they are Jews, they may in self-sacrificing fashion agree that Jews must suffer from the violence and destruction necessary to divide the country or bring it down.

IT DOES NOT, however, inexorably follow from my own position that Jews will not or should not suffer as the Negroes rise. Some Jews will probably lose or be downgraded in jobs which they have gained through civil-service and seniority. Some Jewish businessmen will be displaced by Negro businessmen. The proportion of Jewish students and professors in the elite colleges will fall as that of the Negroes goes up. And the Jewish community as a whole will lose influence in politics as Negroes gain more.

There will be room for argument and debate within the Jewish community as to how much should rightfully be given up so that deprived Negroes may at last be permitted an equitable share. I would hope for such argument and debate within all groups in this country, in order that the sacrifices which all of us will have to make for the sake of social justice may themselves be justly distributed. So far as the Jewish community itself is concerned, those Jews who will have to bear the brunt of the readjustment that must take place in this country will have to be helped by those Jews who are not asked to suffer. Much of the money that now goes to black militants who are doing nothing to solve problems and everything to exacerbate them might well go into such programs.

IN THE END, our response to black anti-Semitism and the nihilism that goes with it must depend on what we think of the character of American society and its possibilities. There has been built up among the youth, aided by irresponsible intellectuals and the sensation-seeking mass media, feelings of such despair and distrust and so great an ignorance of this country, that any position, regardless of how fantastic, now has the chance of being given wide credence. If Jews really believe that America has not changed for the better and cannot change further, that democracy is a fraud, and that intelligence and political action within the scheme of the American political system can do nothing and have done nothing to improve the condition of minorities and create a more just and more harmonious society, then they can do nothing to fight black anti-Semitism. All they can do is give the blacks guns, and allow themselves to become the first victims.

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The Campus & Its Critics

George Kateb

Is it wrong to find something curious in the current hatred directed toward universities and colleges? After all, there was a time, not long ago, when places of higher education were relatively immune from strong feelings of any kind. Among those who never went to college there was a little envy, some longing; a large indifference. Those who did go felt some nostalgia, some possessiveness; sometimes, gratitude. Those who stayed as teachers felt lucky or isolated or underprivileged. In the culture as a whole, respect for the mysteries of learning was mixed with condescension from the abstraction from real life and for the general mendicancy. The sense was that colleges and universities were different from everything else: a little better or a little less real; higher up, or off to one side; part of society, but not all of it, symbolically or in any other way.

Now the attention is constant and pitiless. The academy is news: it has become a place where reportable events occur, where trouble is normally to be expected. Scarcely a day goes by without two or three campus incidents, most of them involving discontent with the authority of faculties and administrations. We are not even spared political murders—murders in the palaces of wisdom. Every tactic of insurgence is practiced within the walls: the palaces of wisdom are now the theaters of—what, really? Equally strange, professors and others have made the academy into an academic subject. Books and articles continue to come out on learning as an institution. Energy that used to be devoted to the creation and transmission of knowledge about the world is deflected into a very sad self-consciousness. Scholars turn into philosophers of education, while students, their education barely begun, speculate freely about Education and make curricular planning into another extracurricular activity. The world shrinks to the dimensions of the school. All the passions usually scattered in a thousand different directions confine themselves to the campus. And the passions are often fierce and hostile.

I find it impossible to imagine the circumstances in which the academy would be able to return soon to its former quiet. Or, at least, I find it impossible to imagine a return to quiet in circumstances that were not dreadful: a great fear, a great crisis, a great repression. Campus violence and murder need not, must not, become normal. But *contestation*, interruption, institutional preoccupation, the destruction of the boundaries between the academy and the world, crises, demands, demands, demands, all seem certain to go on, and perhaps grow more intense. The principles of democratic participation and self-determination will continue to be ruthlessly transferred from the body politic to universities and colleges. The transfer may be philosophically untenable, but how much has philosophical tenability ever counted for in the face of desire and will? Especially when desire and will appear to be so in accord with the prevailing values of the culture, from the family to the state? Isn't it easy for students to see themselves as citizens of the academy? And black militance—the academy has not started to feel it in all the fullness of its impact. There is a terrible score to settle: elements of the black leadership want to *compel* the white adversary to accord blacks the right to live as once the whites forced the blacks to live, apart. To remain apart, and then be begged to come in, as once they were forced to stay apart.

And then, Catholic reawakening, the effects of the draft, the spirit of the Kennedy brothers, the malaise and secret strengths of affluence, the incalculable damage done to the fabric of American life by the war in Vietnam, and on and on: the sources of disturbances are also the sources of new life and new danger.

So much has been said on all this, is there more? Isn't most of it captured in Clark Kerr's *The Uses of the University*, published in 1963, before Vietnam mattered except to a few, before Berkeley, before Columbia?

> So many of the hopes and fears of the American people are now related to our educational system and particularly to our universities—the hope for longer life, for getting into outer space, for a higher standard of living; our fears of Russian or Chinese supremacy, of the bomb and annihilation, of individual loss of purpose in the changing world.

George Kateb, who teaches political science at Amherst, is the author of *Utopia and Its Enemies* and *Political Theory: Its Nature and Uses*.

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What one institution could bear such weight? Add to what Kerr says, and a new question arises. How can the academy endure the strain of being mother and father, leader and victim, asylum and enemy, playground and hospital, healer and criminal, reformer and delinquent, church and state? Everything is expected of it, nothing is forgiven it. It arms its assailants with mind, and finds the weapon turned against it. It must make good everyone else's deficiencies, while everyone else stands by in stupid incomprehension and crazy impotence.

Or is this too paranoid? Perhaps so. Many have referred to a general crisis of authority: not only in the United States, but in many other countries as well; not only in universities and colleges, but in almost all other social and political institutions. All right. The fact remains that the academy is peculiarly vulnerable, for the reasons given by Richard Hofstadter in his commencement address at Columbia in June 1968. Furthermore, the academy is entitled to feel betrayed, or at least that it has been paid back for its efforts with an awful ingratitude. It has helped to forge the conscience of the country, but is now held up as a great sinner. It has helped to formulate the principles of critical analysis, but is now denounced as backward or reactionary. The attack lacks discrimination. To ask it again, why so much hatred?

The first sentences of the first chapter of the Cox Commission Report, *Crisis at Columbia*,* are: "The present generation of young people in our universities is the best informed, the most intelligent, and the most idealistic this country has ever known. This is the experience of teachers everywhere." This line is currently standard, and may be true. But are the young self-created? How can that be? They are the creatures of a democratic middle class. The contractual nature of the American family is the precondition for youthful independence. The parents inhabit the children, and both are ignorant of that truth. New modes of sensory experience are made available by the very culture that is rejected. The children are creatures of privilege. New dreads haunt the imagination; ancient sorrows are suddenly felt as real, even when, as is most often the case, the sorrows are not one's own. The children are herded into the global village. There is a tangle of unacknowledged benefits, unacknowledged dependence, sweet tenderness, youthful excess, youthful exploitation, misdirected hatred, genuine feeling. In the young, the three parts of the Freudian soul have thus expanded. The id has new pleasures to seize and feed on. The ego detects new opportunities in which to claim the right to control or not to be controlled. The superego everywhere finds new burdens. But does mind grow automatically with the soul? If it does not, how can the academy survive? To do its work, the academy must war on the id and the ego, and arrange a kind of truce with the superego. That is the cost of training intelligence liberally. Cox's assertion needs a great deal of complication.

* Vintage Books, 222 pp., $1.95.

ONE THEN READS beyond the first sentences of the Cox Report, hoping to find understanding of the hatred, and of other things besides. An elegant, humane book it is. One moves along with it; one is caught by the way in which chaos is seemingly made clear. A sense of justice seems to preside over it. But one must draw back with the feeling that something is wrong in the analysis. The first part is on the "conditions giving rise to the disturbances"; the second part is the "history of the disturbances." But there is no connection between the two parts: the first does not prepare for the second, despite the intention of the authors.

The "history of the disturbances" shows that the initial seizure of Hamilton and Low was carried out by black and white students whose aims had little if anything to do with the "conditions" of student life and learning at Columbia. The ultras in the SDS could not have cared less about the way Columbia worked, whether for good or bad. They found in Columbia one or several of the following things. The university is the "weakest link" in the American social system. To damage it is easier than to damage any other institution in the system; to damage it is to contribute to the overall weakening of the system. Or, the university is the most sensitive nerve in American society. To touch it rudely is to make the middle class anxious and demoralized; anxious and demoralized, the middle class would then perhaps apply certain pressures on the political leaders of America. Or, the university is the most available target. Though largely innocent of the wrongdoing so fiercely and in most cases so rightly resented by the young, and which emanates from American government, the university is largely defenseless. Resentments can be displaced on it. Or, the university is the most available training-ground. It brings together large numbers of people who are of the right age and the right dispositions for the purposes of "radicalization." The provisional equivalent of revolutionary activity is student confrontation, student sit-ins, student strikes. After leaving the university, radicalized students can help to transform American society.

As for the blacks (all they do is understandable, but not all they do is acceptable), the Cox Report quotes a "close observer" as saying,

> Whatever guilt they [black students] may [feel] about having advantages which the average kid of their age in Harlem doesn't have, is somewhat ameliorated by this action which is—to take their phrase—"for the black brothers in the ghetto." And they get publicity while they do it . . . by this act they were demonstrating they were

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part of the movement, and "movement" is very important. Such action helps to deal with guilt, too, not being the privileged Negroes, pets of the white establishment but as militant as Malcolm, Stokely, and Rap.

The specific grievances of the black students were minor in comparison with the need to perform gestures of displacement.

So that, to start with, those responsible for the first stage in the Columbia crisis focused their general hatred on what was nearest to them. The conclusion seems unavoidable that no matter what Columbia was like, it would not have escaped its troubles. Given Vietnam, the draft, the spread of radical ideas, and given also the enormity of American racism, the internal constitution of Columbia counts for little in explaining the upheaval. Accident, energy, personality, geography, the spirit of New York count for more. The conditions of American life count for most.

The second stage was marked by the take-over of other buildings. There can be no doubt that the plight of graduate students at Columbia played some role in these events. But a number of things must be said. First, the situation at Columbia does not differ substantially from that at many other universities where similar take-overs have not occurred. Second, the act of occupying a building is contagious. It combines heroism, fun, and the chance for solidarity, community, and communion—all so desperately craved by the young—not afforded by many other acts. Once again, the university was simply the most available place, the most available training-ground. The reason for contagiousness did not lie in Columbia's shortcomings. Third, there would have been no second stage without the first stage.

The third stage was marked by the police "bust." The greatest desire of the ultras was realized. Sympathy for the victims of police action swelled. Outrage grew from the thought that the sanctuary had been defiled. Many moderates were at last won over. The policy of "the worse, the better" was vindicated. The question persists, What had the "conditions giving rise to the disturbances" to do with this development? Where is the connection between ante-bellum grievances and responses forthcoming in the melée? And, truly, how long can the effects of radicalization last without continuous reinforcement?

The fourth stage was the student strike which involved a considerable number of students. Would there have been a strike, however, without a "bust"? Would there have been a "bust" if buildings had not been occupied? Would buildings have been occupied if not for grievances which derived in the main from every source but Columbia?

To be sure, after the first two stages, there was much talk about the necessity to "restructure" Columbia. It is certain that Columbia needs to become a coherent institution. But let us try to be clear about this matter. First, the end of reform could never justify the means used by the extremists, even if the extremists had been interested in reform. Second, apart from the moral rightness of the means, the means in fact were not in the service of reform as an end. Third, the "liberal" reformers took unseemly advantage of a situation they had no hand in creating. Their response bore too close a resemblance to the spirit of the magnificent contribution Prof. Ithiel de Sola Pool recently made to political morality:

> Despite the horrifying [a fine word, that] consequences of the war, South Vietnam is a stronger, more prosperous, more self-conscious country than it has ever been before. It even shows the first small glimmer of a participant political system.

The extremists saw the dark glory of their villainy wasted on the very meliorism they scorn, but which only they could hasten and facilitate. Fourth, it remains to be seen whether or not the promised reforms will in reality be academically desirable, and if they are, whether they will outweigh the harm done to Columbia by the turmoil that made the reforms possible.

In sum, it cannot be said that the Cox Commission Report, whatever else it does, does explain the events at Columbia in accordance with the pattern of underlying and precipitating causes. The narrative of the crisis, day by day, is in almost all respects analytically separable from the description of Columbia on the eve of the crisis. Only a casual reading of the book could lead to the feeling that Columbia deserved what it got. The sense of tragic inevitability is fake. The truth of the Report is that Columbia was made to pay for the terrible faults of the larger society. And these faults include not only aggressive war, poverty, and racism, but also unpreparedness in the face of new wealth and new possibilities for more ample life.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT to show that the academy deserves its troubles and the hatred directed toward it is made by James Ridgeway in *The Closed Corporation*.* The book is slovenly, ill-written, hectic, and shapeless. In his eagerness to disclose wicked truths, Ridgeway has missed his main chance. He is out to show up the academy for two main reasons. The first is that many professors, especially in the social and natural sciences, are cunning entrepreneurs who use their base in the universities to make as much money as they can. The second is that many professors (and administrators), again in the social and natural sciences, engage in secret research for the government, most of which aids a cruel and expansionist foreign policy. Other things are on Ridgeway's mind, including the heartless real-estate practices of urban universities. Each of

* Random House, 273 pp., $5.95.

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these charges is grave, to put it mildly. What is required is careful, painstaking scholarly research. A model for such inquiry, particularly into the ways of the professor-entrepreneur, is provided by an article by Martin Tolchin, which appeared in the New York *Times* in the fall of 1968. With remarkable deftness, and in a quiet tone, Tolchin scrutinized the exchanges of favors that bound New York State legislators and New York businessmen. The confusion of private and public roles, the complaisance of the supposed custodians of the public interest, the use of public office as a base for private profit and influence, are all spelled out. Bitterness is probably the only feeling an attentive reader could have after reading Tolchin's article. I am afraid that Ridgeway's book will appeal almost entirely to those who, before they read it, are convinced that the academy is a corrupt and irredeemable whore.

What is an unfanatic reader to do with sentences like these?

> It is difficult to gain any clear understanding of the university because it remains as one of the few large secret organizations within the nation.
>
> Certainly part of the idea . . . is to transfer the attitudes and styles of university life to the rest of society so that the corporation executive or government official may bully his subordinates the way Dr. Pusey does his students.
>
> While the general citizenry may well believe the university interests itself primarily in educating students, in reality, universities are aggressive in advancing themselves as institutions in society, and this has led many of them rather far afield.
>
> (In fact, because of its greed, Columbia had its own reasons for peddling the filter.)
>
> . . . the university [California] has two wholly owned subsidiaries—the Atomic Energy Commission and the Directorate of Defense Research and Engineering in the Pentagon.
>
> . . . the University of California begins to look like the dummy behind which the different interest groups in California maneuver. . . .
>
> The policies of the Daley administration are identical with those of the University of Chicago, a highly regarded independent institution which, in fact, is little more than a handmaiden of the machine in the South Side of the city.
>
> It would be difficult to find an institution of higher learning in the country so deeply and justly detested as is Columbia University in New York City.

All this may sound like absolute truth to extremists, and provide them with more justification for aiming their hatred at universities. The attack is vague and broad enough to be usable by a movement not devoted to exact knowledge. But to those less susceptible, Ridgeway will make universities unrecognizable. He gives no indication that the great majority of teachers are guiltless of the malpractices he describes; that universities and colleges are normally in a precarious economic position, and naturally will cultivate the goodwill of businessmen in order to make ends meet; that much scientific research must be subsidized by the government, or go unsubsidized altogether; that urban universities are threatened in their very existence by the deterioration of their neighborhoods; and that, finally, thousands teach and many more thousands learn and grow and may even find life at the universities and colleges which he so brutally reduces to the institutions of the market place.

When Ridgeway comes to his conclusions, he outdoes himself. It is impossible to be half as amusing as he is, so let his own words carry the burden of convicting him of folly. He says,

> The idea that the university is a community of scholars is a myth. The professors are less interested in teaching students than in yanking the levers of their new combines so that these machines will grow bigger and go faster. . . . What difference does it make whether the instructor has a degree, or how many books and honors he has to his name? It really is not especially important whether the student comes along for two or four or six years, or whether he gets a diploma, or for that matter whether he meets the entrance standards some psychologist has laid out for him to meet. . . . But it may make good sense for the residents of Hyde Park in Chicago or Morningside Heights in New York to insist on electing the presidents, respectively, of the University of Chicago and Columbia. They may also want guarantees of certain unskilled jobs, including those in the social science research projects, and receive free college education for their children. In the case of the University of Chicago, Columbia, Harvard or MIT, this would mean that the professors would find it necessary to spend a certain amount of their time in the streets teaching ignorant people. But this wouldn't hurt them. In recent years the clergy has found it a bracing experience to rediscover the parish, and the teacher may find it equally refreshing to meet some students.

If Ridgeway's metaphor for the university is the greedy business enterprise, and his voice is the voice of a mindless populism (the phrase is not really tautological), then Christopher Jencks and David Riesman's metaphor in *The Academic Revolution** is the power- and prestige-minded guild, and their voice is the voice of the foundation executive reared in American sociology. I do not mean to equate their book with Ridgeway's. *The Academic Revolution* is so obviously the product of enormous labor and a deep solicitude for institutions of

* Doubleday, 580 pp., $10.00.

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higher learning. Rather, my fear is that if the book were not so long and hard to read, it would, like Ridgeway's, give weapons and comfort to some of the worst enemies the academy now has. It too often loses sight of the plainest fact about the academy, namely, that it is a place where great numbers of people are improved, and improved as they could be nowhere else. It too is eager to re-describe the academy in a novel way in order to expose neglected deficiencies. But again the result is, on balance, to make universities and colleges unrecognizable.

The thesis of the book is "the rise to power of the academic profession." To put the matter this way is quite startling, and is meant to be. Here we have language traditionally used about great political figures, social classes, and nation-states now turned on a profession. Jencks and Riesman give us an earnest of their tough-mindedness—putatively a virtue. That such a formulation would strike members of the profession as odd is, of course, no reason to reject it. Advance in inquiry is commonly made by just such "odd" redescriptions. To see things newly may cause them to be reported in an unexpected way. Metaphors may compress fresh outlooks. What then is "the rise to power of the academic profession"?

Well, the answer is not completely clear. It would seem that, in essence, the rise to power in this case is the successful imposition of a standard. "If this book has any single message it is that the academic profession increasingly determines the character of undergraduate education in America." At first sight it would not appear contrary to nature that those who make their living by teaching and research should determine "the character of undergraduate education." Surely Jencks and Riesman have something special in mind? Two considerations stand out. First, an examination of the historical record in America shows that until the latter part of the 19th century, higher education was dominated by unacademic forces: piety, vocationalism, regionalism, ethnicity. The quest for truth was incidental to the achievement of certain practical purposes in a competitive, heterogeneous, and unfinished country. "The vision of a college professor as an independent expert with a mission transcending the college where he happened to teach was almost unknown." So that, from a historical point of view, the professionalization of intellect, and its centering in colleges and universities, are rather recent phenomena. Second, it is the graduate schools with their emphasis on specialized research and on the preliminary training for it that have come to dominate the curriculum and style of life at all undergraduate institutions that aspire to a reputation for excellence. The standards of research are the standards of teaching. The upshot is that teaching has suffered, and that much of the malaise among the young can be attributed to "the academic revolution."

Let us take up the historical point first. Offhand it would seem good that the academic standard was imposed with ever greater success. If colleges and universities had not become the locus of disinterested inquiry, where, one wonders, would that locus have been? Despite the inflated self-importance of many professors, and despite the aridity of some academic pursuits, it would seem greatly desirable that the old and much too worldly (or earthy) concerns of colleges and universities gave way, and permitted the United States to join the collective and international effort to advance and disseminate knowledge. America just had to find much more room for mind. Of course Jencks and Riesman know this to be true. But then again they sometimes write (especially in Chapter V, "The Professional Schools") as if the imposition of the academic standard were a power grab covered by an irrational mystique. Because other social groups strive for power, Jencks and Riesman assume that professors *as a group* must do so too. One of the strong characteristics of their book is to assimilate higher education to all kinds of human endeavor. No one wants to deny that individual teachers love influence and fame as much as anyone else does. But they fight *each other* for these goods. The difficulty is to show that they seek these things while pretending to seek other things, like advancing and disseminating knowledge; that they pursue inquiry *only* in order to achieve influence and fame; that the standards they impose are derived *solely* from the requirements for possessing influence and fame.

WITH THAT leveling tendency common to men who see themselves above the fray and privy to the secrets of all combatants—hence my phrase, "the foundation executive reared in American sociology"—Jencks and Riesman subsume the activity of professors under the general category of professionalization. And their comments on professionalization are unfriendly, indeed. They say,

> Unlike many people, we do not regard an occupation as a profession simply because it requires advanced training or expert knowledge. We use the term only to describe an occupation that is relatively colleague-oriented rather than client-oriented . . . professionalization means that the practitioners seek the exclusive right to name and judge one another's mistakes.

It sounds only faintly sinister so far. Then they say,

> The historical causes of professionalization are unclear. It is often attributed to the increasingly specialized division of labor, the explosion of knowledge, and the rising demand for expertise in the management of a highly technical and highly bureaucratized society. But it is not evident what is cause and what is effect in these relationships. . . . The relationship between eso-

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> teric knowledge and professionalism is, then, problematic. Our feeling is that professionalism depends relatively little on the intellectual demands of a line of work and much more on its social setting, economic arrangements, and the like.

What is the setting, what are the arrangements?

> It seems to be easier to professionalize groups sufficiently small, powerful, visible, or all three, to form an in-group in terms of both communication and policing quackery and trespass.

Jencks and Riesman go on to question whether anything useful is learned in professional schools, like those of law and medicine; and dwell on the point that graduate schools do not prepare university teachers to be teachers, only researchers, if that.

READING THEIR WORDS, one is led to wonder whether there is any qualitative difference between the forces that used to dominate American higher education and the one that now supposedly does. Our authors pay a great price in looking, or in trying to look, at education from the outside. I suppose they think they are unsparing in their objectivity. Perhaps they may have even felt some pain at abandoning what they assume to be the conventional academic pieties. But really education is different from other things. Most people now in it entered it at a time when it promised little power and less money. After a while, the guild spirit works its infectious way. But how comparatively innocent its manifestations usually are. Jencks and Riesman do acknowledge that the power professors want is the ability to remain unsupervised, not to command others. To make this acknowledgement incidentally, however, is not enough. One must have it central to analysis, for the distinction it makes in kinds of power is crucial in moral discourse. One must also say that the very nature of intellectual labor demands the kind of power professors want.

When it comes to Jencks and Riesman's second point, the impact of graduate-school aims on undergraduate schooling, even more serious problems arise. It would appear that among other things Jencks and Riesman worry about two in particular: the kind of people colleges and universities recruit for their faculties, and the kind of training these people receive in their time of apprenticeship as graduate students. The training is for specialized scholarly competence rather than competence in the arts of teaching; and those so trained are then recruited as teachers but rewarded as scholars. There can be no doubt that in theory the situation seems not quite rational. In practice, as everyone knows, the situation is frequently unsatisfactory. Too much graduate training is trivial and debilitating; too much teaching is mediocre or worse. What then to do?

There are no easy answers; there may not be any genuine answers at all. Jencks and Riesman are extremely tentative. Their approach is commendably modest. Modest though it is, it strikes me as tending in an anti-intellectual direction.

> The confrontation between teachers and students is . . . usually a confrontation between those who are in some sense mature and those who are less so. The central purpose of a college can thus be defined as socialization. In nine cases out of ten a college pits the old against the young and becomes both a battlefield and a negotiating table in the ceaseless war between the generations.

To be frank, I had never thought that by teaching undergraduates I was "socializing" them, or that the difference between their age and mine was the defining characteristic of our relation. I had thought that the family, the neighborhood, and to a large degree, elementary and secondary schools were intended to be responsible for "socializing" the young. By the time the young arrived at college, they were, I imagined, ready for "desocialization": for rescue from blind habit, unexamined obedience, programmed cant, and junk of all sorts. Ideally, the college teacher of the liberal arts (whatever his scholarly specialty) was supposed to be dedicated to liberality, liberation from the aforementioned junk. He was to use his trained mind (if he had one) to help train other minds (even if their formal training stopped with the bachelor's degree). I also thought that the college I went to—Columbia—set out to liberate, and if it failed with me, the fault was mine, and not its. To re-describe in a "sociologizing" and "foundationizing" way, my undergraduate days—and those of countless others who attended many kinds of schools—as "socialization," as part of the war between generations, makes me want to throw up. "Colleges have always been institutions through which the old attempt to impose their values and attitudes on the young." Thus, professors are merely part of an age group; values and attitudes are apparently arbitrary; the values and attitudes of the young are on the same moral level, only they are adversary, and must be put down out of self-interest and, more, out of the need to preserve the identity of those older. The sociologist's relativism takes over totally, at this point, and qualitative discriminations cease.

Fortified with this relativism, Jencks and Riesman make some proposals for reform. It must be said at once that our authors do not take a very sympathetic view of student power. In a few pages, they consider—and since I agree with them, I must call their consideration "judicious"—the case for increased student involvement in issues of curriculum and faculty membership, and reject it. It must also be said that late in the book, casually and grudgingly, they allow that:

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> Given the character of American society generally, it is hard to identify any other group or groups which would have served undergraduates better. Nor do we see any grounds for nostalgia about the cost of the academic victory. By almost any standard we can think of, the young are better off as a result of it. . . . Not only are entering freshman better prepared, but they appear to learn more during their undergraduate years.

But for all that, some "marginal" reductions in "the pervasive influence of the academic guilds" are imperative.

In what name? Most generally, in the name of making students happier. Jencks and Riesman do not put it that way. In fact, there is little exposition of the principles that ought to govern reform. It is almost as if the imputation of power- and prestige-mindedness to professors were enough to make them objects of reform. After all, since everybody struggles for power and prestige (or influence and fame), and nobody is permitted to have all that he wants, and everybody tries to hold everybody else in some check, then why not assume, without much more argumentation, that professors are due for a measure of restraint and chastisement? They are no different from, and certainly no better than, others.

WHAT CAN WE INFER will make students happier? Early in the book, there is hint of an answer. "[Administrators] are also, in our experience, far more responsive to students and more concerned with the inadequacies and tragedies of student life than the majority of faculty." Much later on, in the last two chapters, the hint is developed (though not, as I have already said, with any philosophical thoroughness). Jencks and Riesman want two things: more therapy and more practicality. They realize that good teachers are born, not trained. They therefore do not think that a lot of effort to prepare graduate students for teaching will yield much of a return. If teaching really cannot be markedly improved, then the strategy must be to direct some of the regular academic teaching into non-academic channels, and to make room on the campus for other endeavors than teaching academic subjects. By so doing, the implication is that students will be happier; their personal problems will get more attention, and their personal predilection toward action will be satisfied more. That cursed word "relevance" fits Jencks and Riesman's program.

Now it is possible to take their line for cynical reasons. The thought may be to avoid student upheaval by making student life more interesting. At the same time, by endorsing what seem to be reformist and humanitarian positions, liberalism could be thought to be served. If liberalism is served, if only in appearance, the cause of radicalism is seriously weakened. Furthermore, a good deal of busyness and a good deal of perceived sympathy for the troubles of individual students tend to dry up the students' wish to be radical or to undertake the intellectual exertion radical criticism necessitates. One last benefit that may accrue to some administrators, if they incline this way, is the diminution in the general importance of the faculty, if therapy and practicality are enlarged. There would be an administration-student alliance against the faculty. It would not be unfair to attribute this kind of cynicism to the foundation mentality, the educational version of "corporate liberalism." But I think it would be unfair to attribute it to Jencks and Riesman: they are not foundationist through and through. They are, or think they are, on the side of the students. The only trouble is that they supply legitimation to the disguised purposes of others. More important, they unintentionally show the pragmatic compatibility of the pedagogy of tenderness (their own position) and the pedagogy of manipulation (the foundationist position). Behaviorally, the two pedagogies would be indistinguishable. All the while, the loser would not be the academic profession but critical philosophical thought and high imagination, neither of which can endure much therapy or practicality. They thrive on sickness and idleness, and they need some distance from the world. Adjustment crowds out philosophy; practical experience is a poor substitute for imagination, and too much of it kills imagination.

Bernard Weinraub, in the New York *Times* (December 1, 1968), tells of a "school" in New York City, called Encounter House, which seems to follow the pedagogy of tenderness to the limit:

> The classes at Encounter House are deliberately casual and unstructured. Sessions start and end informally. A psychologist trained in group dynamics sits in on several classes and interrupts during discussions to ask each member of the group, "What's going on in your mind while this is taking place?"

Though we are assured that no money to support the school is taken from foundations, I can only wonder why it isn't.

Jencks and Riesman cast about for allies and for new methods. They find little support in community colleges and in the general education movement. Academic hegemony is impervious to such enterprises. When the authors canvass other possibilities, they are dismayed: nothing but the new generation's coming of age offers much hope. I think one can also be dismayed by the fact that Jencks and Riesman canvass some of the possibilities they do.

For example, "some might urge taking undergraduate education away from 'subject-matter specialists' and turning it over to men whose special skill and training is in working with late adolescents, i.e. clinical psychologists and psychiatrists." It turns out that there are not enough

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clinicians to go around; and besides not many of them seem interested in saving undergraduate education. Still, some lessons can be learned from graduate programs in psychology and psychiatry. Those who teach in them are a model for all teachers:

> If undergraduate teachers were equally committed to preparing their students for some sort of responsible work, and if they supervised their students' performance in such work, they might be more sensitive to the fact that the young need non-academic as well as academic help.

Jencks and Riesman toy with other related ideas: clinical training for would-be teachers, staff courses taught jointly by old and new teachers who correct each other, doctoral degrees that certify young men and women as teachers but not scholars. All of it is half-hearted. I take no pleasure in their despondency. I only wish that they showed greater sensitivity to the implicit dangers of therapy. Perhaps they should indicate that if therapy were to become one of the governing principles of higher education the harm it would do to the life of the mind could outweigh the relief it gave undergraduate unhappiness.

Jencks and Riesman take two other tacks. First, they plead for the presence of non-academicians in the academy and for granting academic credit for non-academic work. This is where their emphasis on practicality, and their desire to blur the boundaries between academic and non-academic work, are most obvious. On the presence of non-academicians, they say:

> The faculty would include substantial numbers of tenured members who were not scholars but doctors, lawyers, administrators, and so forth. The program would include not only regular academic courses in literature, psychology, and chemistry but clinical experience and field work of various kinds. Recognizing that students learn from what they do and whom they meet as well as from what they read, such a college would try to expose them to a wide range of alternatives.

This sounds nice and matey. But what actually would go on? What besides having a good time for a while, and then the inevitable boredom consequent on the confusion and disarray inherent in such activities? It is true that not all scholars are good teachers. It is also true that those who are not scholars, those who do not give their lives to the discipline of word and thought, are almost never good teachers. As for granting academic credit for non-academic work:

> . . . the critical problem of graduate instruction in the social sciences is to narrow the gap between individual students' personal lives and their work. . . . A sociology student cannot get credit for union organizing in the South or for selling textbooks to school systems, even though either of these activities might teach him as much about America as any course.

But the point of graduate instruction in sociology is not to learn anything at all about America in any way at all. It is to learn how to make some analytic sense about America in the light of general or abstract or philosophical principles. The graduate student has his whole life before him in which to let reality discredit his principles. But he must start with principles, he must first detach himself from the onrush of experience, he must learn also to be historical and comparative. Otherwise he will remain a prisoner of the parts, he will never consider the whole. He might, if Jencks and Riesman had their way, make a lively teacher. He would be, however, a teacher dazed by the latest piece of trouble, his mind intimidated by the latest burning particularity, and tend to confine his students similarly. The same point applies to subjects other than sociology.

The second tack Jencks and Riesman take is to call on forces outside the academy to save it from itself. "A realist must therefore ask whether there are now any new forces at work or on the horizon which might upset the existing balance of power." The "realist's" way of putting the question prepares him to greet any new force. Or if not to greet it, then to receive it in a matter-of-fact manner. One such force is the reallocation of funds. Money may be used, for instance, to help educate the Negro poor. Less would then be available for traditional academic pursuits. "Indeed, the universities' meritocratic standards could easily become a major target of black criticism, for they symbolize the system of tests and credentials that today legitimizes the privileges of the white-collar and professional classes." Whether anything would be improved by upsetting the "existing balance of power" is not asked. Apparently, as long as it is upset, justice will have been meted out. How about citizens, taxpayers, legislators, other political leaders, alumni? Will they push for reform?

The authors assert that when there is explosive student discontent, as in the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley, the dissenters were no less satisfied with their teachers than the students who took no part in the dissent. "The students' complaints were directed at the larger society, and at the administration which tried to mediate between them and that society." At this point in the argument, Jencks and Riesman say that while students may not blame the faculty, the public will. Once aroused, the public will move to reduce the flow of money into the academy. Then their argument takes a curious dialectical twist. Instead of lamenting the predicament of the faculty, which finds itself helpless in the crossfire between a conventional society and a rebellious student body, they offer another kind of lamentation. "Yet it is far from clear that the academic profession will respond to the threat of what we have called 'adult backlash' by adopting a reform program of the kind we have been dis-

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cussing." What could that mean except that the faculty should try to pacify the students by offering them new distractions from the condition of society, and by giving peace to the campus, get in exchange more money? A strange calculus, this. Fortunately, Jencks and Riesman know that "adult backlash" is filled with peril and can produce effects the opposite of what they want. But the mere fact that they approach the subject as they do is, at the least, unpleasant.

In my discussion of *The Academic Revolution*, I have concentrated on the tone and spirit of its authors. I have found much to criticize. I do not want to take back the criticism. Out of fairness, however, I must say that apart from the subject of the academic revolution and its consequences for students, there are many other subjects taken up fairly and exhaustively. Jencks and Riesman deal with the contribution of expanded higher education to social mobility, the tensions and contrasts between public and private higher education, women's colleges, Protestant denominational colleges, Catholic colleges and universities, and Negro colleges and universities. All these matters have been affected by the professionalization of intellect, but a hundred other considerations enter to complicate the picture. Jencks and Riesman are masters of the art of laying out complication, and what they write in these chapters is remarkably scrupulous and instructive, and, at times, courageously candid. It is only on the largest issue of all, the hatred directed at colleges and universities, that, in my opinion, they mislead, mislead seriously. The academy is not blameless. But the major source of student malaise is the larger society, both in its crimes and in its successes. To try to remove the malaise by reforming the academy so as to make it more like a democracy or more like a hospital or more like a workshop is to debase the academy, rob it of its chance to do what it does best and what nothing else does, and to leave the fundamental social problems untouched.

WITH RELIEF one turns to Jacques Barzun's *The American University: How It Runs, Where It Is Going.** The book is Barzun's reflections on his many years as a teacher at Columbia, and twelve years (until 1967) as Provost and Dean of Faculties at the same institution. Its excellence derives from its commitment to the simple view that the academy is a place where teachers and students gather to promote learning. Admittedly that is a simple view: it may excite the charge of pompousness or hypocrisy. So be it. Nothing will change for the better in the academy unless that view guides reform.

For Barzun, a radical change came over universities at the time of the Second World War. Elaborating Clark Kerr's theme, Barzun pictures the university as a "residual institution."

> . . . the main tendency, when a gap appears in what someone conceives as the beneficial order of things, is to think: we will get the school to do it; we will find the money and urge the university to take it on.

The universities lost their simplicity of structure, their apartness from the world, their boundaries. The result had to be confusion, strife, "rapid expansion and limitless answerability." Barzun does not wish to declare the academy innocent: some of its members have been only too ready to accommodate the larger society, and some of its members had to accommodate it if they were to get their subsidies. In any case, there is no going back to an *earlier* simplicity. There can only be an effort to simplify appropriately for the present condition, and to respond to reasonable requests for change. Barzun is especially strong on the need to restore the primacy of teaching. But it *is* teaching, not therapy, not *praxis*, that Barzun wants. He never forgets what most of the critics of the campus forget. If some of the time he seems a bit bewitched with the central budgetary powers of university administration, it must be remembered that his experience has been at a huge and multifarious institution. If he tends to be dismissive of the tradition of liberal-arts teaching, because of the supposed improvement in secondary education, one is entitled to call his opinion into question. But one will know that one has to do with a man for whom intellectual values predominate. I can think of no other book that accomplishes what Barzun's does. It would be best to end this necessarily skimpy account of a rich book with his last sentence:

> I do not doubt that the United States today still possesses the making of a university, as I do not doubt that if circumstances send the institution into eclipse, the idea of it will survive into another day.

* Harper and Row, 319 pp., $7.95.

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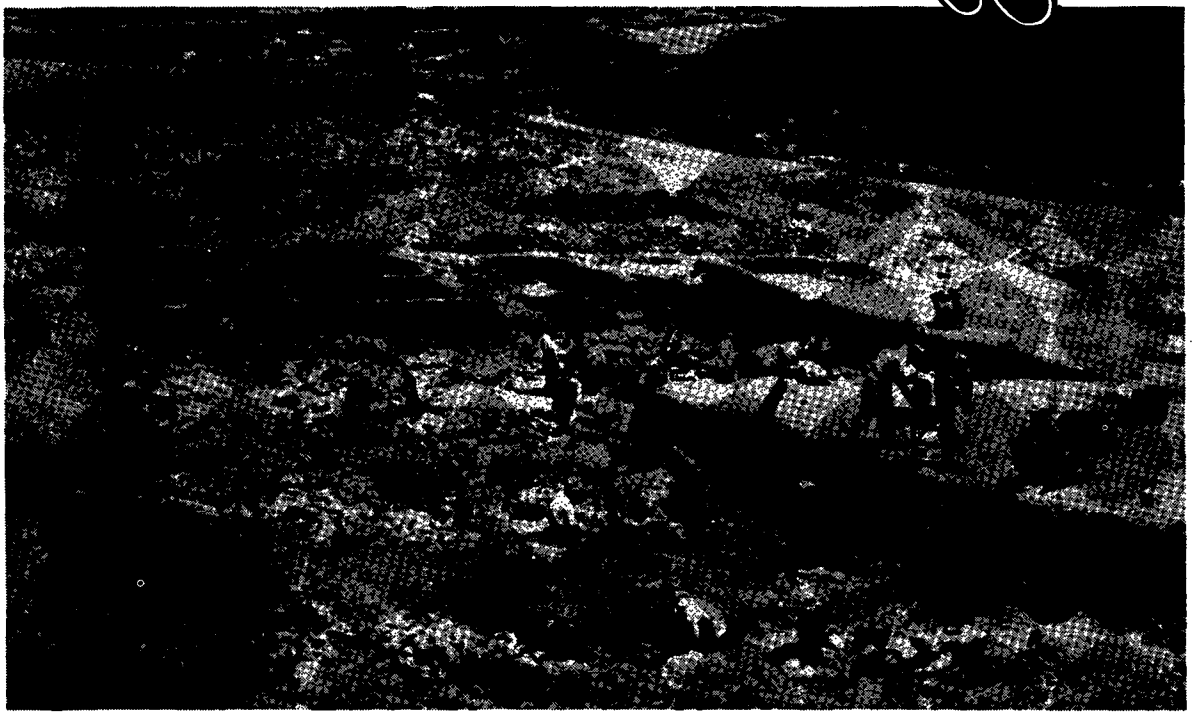
AT HAZOR as the remains of an ancient Canaanite city are uncovered, perhaps the diggers recall its capture by Joshua's army 3,200 years ago and wonder how it looked seven centuries earlier when Abraham passed nearby with his family, herd and flocks on their Biblical journey southward. Today, every archaeological exploration in Israel is indeed a joyous event.

SIMCHAS



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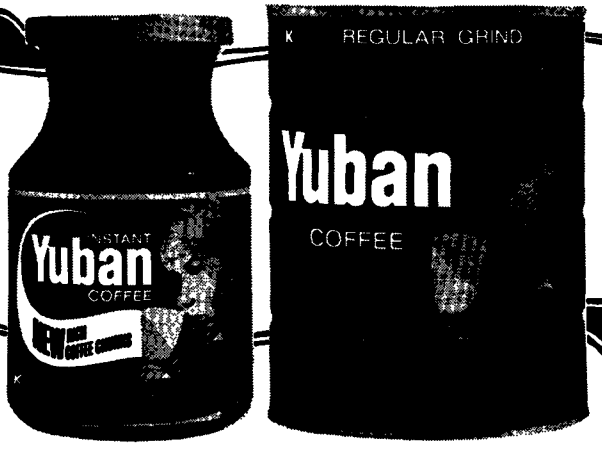

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Toward a History of the Holocaust

Lucy S. Dawidowicz

In Memory of Max Weinreich

A YEAR AGO, at the beginning of April 1968, a conference was held in Jerusalem to mark the 25th anniversary of the ghetto uprisings against the Nazis in Europe. It was convened by Yad Vashem—the Martyrs' and Heroes' Remembrance Authority—an institute enacted into existence by the Israeli Knesset in 1953. (The name is taken from Isaiah 56:5: "Even unto them will I give in My House/And within My walls a monument and a memorial [*yad vashem*] /Better than sons and daughters;/ I will give them an everlasting memorial/That shall not be cut off.") The purpose of Yad Vashem is to perpetuate the memory of those who died in the Holocaust, their communities and institutions, through a program of research and publication. Housed on a 150-acre tract of land on Har ha-Zikkaron (Remembrance Mount), neighboring Mt. Herzl, Yad Vashem overlooks a richly terraced valley just east of Jerusalem. Its Memorial Hall, a square low building, stands on an open, starkly landscaped esplanade. The exterior is made of unhewn basalt topped by brut concrete; the entrance gates are decorated with a grim iron-sheeted embossment evoking ghetto walls, barbed wire, rifles. The total impact is stunning, and compels a response of reverential silence. Within the basalt wall is the crypt, darkly illumined by an eternal flame on the gray mosaic floor, on which twenty-one tablets are placed asymmetrically, their raised Hebrew and Latin letters spelling out the names of concentration and death camps.

The Memorial Hall—the physical Yad Vashem—with its restraint and sophistication, appears completely at variance with the intellectual Yad Vashem housed at a short walking distance in a beehive of offices amid a disorder of books, periodicals, and manuscripts. Funded from moneys paid by West Germany as collective indemnity to the Jews, Yad Vashem is staffed by Holocaust survivors, many of whom were formerly associated with the Jewish Historical Institute of Warsaw. That Institute had been conceived by a group of surviving historians and journalists in 1944 to gather documentary evidence of German atrocities against the Jews to be used to indict and prosecute Germans for war crimes. When, some five years later, Poland became Stalinized and Jewish communal life was liquidated, the Institute too fell into party line. Many staff members joined the Jewish exodus from Poland, some going to France and the United States, but most eventually to Israel. Their gravitation toward Yad Vashem was altogether natural.

Yad Vashem is, so far as I know, the last survivor of the folk tradition in East European Jewish historiography. Critical study of East European Jewish history began at a comparatively late date, in the last decade of the 19th century, when Simon Dubnow decided to devote his life to the history of the Jews in Russia and Poland. Dubnow's first step was to collect basic raw data, primary source materials, and—a mammoth task—to construct from these a vast chronology of events in Russian Jewish history. To compensate for the lack of Jewish national or municipal archives, Dubnow started a movement for what may be described as "folk" archives. He sparked an extraordinary popular movement among thousands of Jews in the Tsarist empire—university students as well as plain folk—who, following his guidance and instructions in *Voskhod*, a Russian Jewish periodical, accumulated for him huge amounts of documentary sources. Dubnow's historical efforts, which coincided with the rise of secular national and socialist movements among East European Jews, succeeded in making plain people aware of the national uses of history. For activists in these newly stirring movements, Jewish history became the secular substitute for Judaism.

The Dubnovian tradition was transmitted to the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research in interbellum Poland and became diffused throughout Poland and other East European countries. It proved serviceable for a community whose access to universities was limited by a system of *numerus clausus*, and whose religious tradition anyway discouraged university training. Nevertheless, Jewish historical writing was becoming professionalized and several notable historians appeared alongside Dubnow—Meir Balaban and Ignacy Schipper, to name the two outstanding examples—as well as many promising ones. But the Holocaust cut off

LUCY S. DAWIDOWICZ, a frequent contributor to these pages, is currently at work on a book exploring the theme of Jewish identity through the biographies of representative 19th- and 20th-century Jewish figures.

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further development of Jewish historiography in Eastern Europe and cut down the historians.

Yad Vashem, which is obligated by its contractual arrangements to employ Holocaust survivors, has consequently been somewhat disabled by a critical deficiency of professional historians and by an arrested historiographical tradition. It has unavoidably had to fall back largely on collecting raw data, mostly by and from the plain people, and preparing chronicles or documents in chronological order.

Yad Vashem has published some forty books in Hebrew (some of these also in Yiddish and English), most of which are eyewitness accounts and diaries. Some are moving personal documents, containing valuable primary source material for historical study and analysis. Several volumes of published documents contain enormously useful material. But regarded as a whole, Yad Vashem's publications, including its journals, are disappointing from both the methodological standpoint and the literary one.

In his classic essay, "On the Historian's Task," Humboldt summed up the two paths the historian needed to pursue simultaneously in his search for historical truth: the first, "the exact, impartial, critical investigation of events"; the second, "the connecting of the events explored and the intuitive understanding of them which could not be reached by the first means." To engage only in the first method, he declared, was "to miss the essence of truth itself." From this perspective, Yad Vashem is in a historiographical predicament, which may in part be ascribed to the fact that its researchers and writers are Holocaust survivors. If it would be absurd to expect them to stand outside their experience, this is nevertheless what their historical function requires of them. In a foreword to one of Yad Vashem's bibliographies, Salo W. Baron observed that "a generation that has gone through that extraordinary traumatic experience cannot completely divorce itself from its own painful recollections and look upon the Holocaust from an Archimedean standpoint."

Having preempted the Holocaust for study, these survivors bring to their work the intensity and authenticity of their experiences; they bring also, however, their personal and political subjectivity. They believe that their first-hand experience has better equipped them to write the history of the Holocaust than those who study it only from the records. In his day, Flavius Josephus decided to write his account of the Jewish war with Rome because he felt that persons without first-hand knowledge had presented garbled versions: "I will state the facts accurately and impartially. At the same time the language in which I record the events will reflect my own feelings and emotions; for I must permit myself to bewail my country's tragedy." Yet for all his extraordinary gifts of observation and eloquence, Josephus's history remains a classic example of a subjective document, colored by his deep personal involvement in the events he describes.

The nature of Yad Vashem's mandate from the Knesset further complicates its historiographical task. The institute is required to discharge two basically incompatible functions: commemoration, which requires eulogy, respect, and love for the dead—a softness of heart—and historical investigation, which requires rigor, distance, and a passion for truth—a hardness of head. Commemoration, of necessity, demands a single-minded focus on Jewish behavior, while Holocaust history demands a wide-angled view which encompasses all the actors in the events under study. Jewish historians have often been faulted for depicting the Jews as an encapsulated community, without disclosing the intricate mesh of relationships which has existed in all times between Jews and non-Jews. The complaint is even more valid in the case of the Holocaust, when Jews had no free hand, no free scope, and no free will to decide their fate.

These historiographical problems were painfully exposed in last year's Yad Vashem conference on "Manifestations of Jewish Resistance During the Holocaust." The selection of resistance as a subject for the conference was determined, no doubt, by the timing—the 25th anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising—and by the exigencies of the commemorative task. Resistance is a subject well suited to commemoration, for it is likely to evoke reverent tributes to heroism, courage, and self-sacrifice, and to stimulate a flow of rhetoric that soothes as it stirs.

As a subject for historical investigation, on the other hand, resistance has considerable inherent fascination, although unfortunately those who study the phenomenon tend to be motivated less by historical or cultural interest than by political and strategic considerations. The late Philip Friedman once observed that interest in resistance as a subject of Holocaust history was a reaction against the martyrological view expressed in the memoirs and historical studies issued just after the war. Those first books, focusing on the inexpressible agonies the Jews endured, were a modern equivalent of medieval martyrologies. They depicted Jews primarily as victims, objects of a program of systematic murder.

This approach was first challenged by veterans of the Jewish underground, most of whom had been affiliated with largely left-wing youth organizations—Zionist as well as socialist—and who were actuated to challenge the martyrological view, not by a wish to write Holocaust history per se, but by the need to justify themselves, their party organizations, and their ideologies.* The

* This has been true not only in the case of Jews. Soviet historiography has also been exploited to certify that all resistance to the Germans was conceived, initiated, planned, and executed only by Communists.

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Jewish underground and the resistance movement became, as the philosophers would put it, historically colligible, the object of an organizing process in which facts were brought together and assembled under a general hypothesis. In the hands of its first chroniclers, resistance became magnified and exalted. Veterans of the underground ideologized resistance as a function of class conflict, anti-fascist politics, and a progressive world view; it was seen by them as individually ennobling and socially purifying.

Rather a different strategic consideration affecting the historiography of resistance emerged in 1961 with Raul Hilberg's *The Destruction of the European Jews*. Hilberg maintained not only that Jews did not resist but that they collaborated with the Germans in their own annihilation. Resistance and its obverse, collaboration (through the *Judenraete*), now became inextricably, and occasionally mindlessly, associated.*

Since the publication of Hilberg's work, resistance as a subject for historical study has unloosed that "anarchy of convictions" which Wilhelm Dilthey feared threatened historical objectivity. The subject of resistance has been exploited by the defenders of the Jews and their denigrators, by the Left and the Right, by psychologists and pseudo-psychologists. But despite the passion, and despite an accumulation over the years of a substantial amount of journalism, great gaps remain in our knowledge of the subject; so far attempts at historical explanation have been sadly inadequate.

It was to be hoped, then, that the Yad Vashem conference would offer the opportunity for a serious examination of resistance in all its ambiguities. Twenty-five papers were presented and discussed. Nearly all the participants—speakers and discussants—were survivors. Israelis outnumbered Americans and Europeans three to one; about half the Israelis were associated with Yad Vashem, Lohamei Hagettaot ("Fighters of the Ghettos," a kibbutz founded in 1949 by Holocaust survivors), and Moreshet (another survivor research institute), while the others taught Holocaust history at one or another of Israel's three universities. Many were associated with political parties, for the most part those to the Left of Mapai—Ahdut Avoda, Hashomer Hatzair, Mapam. Three French participants had past or present associations with the Centre de Documentation Juive Contemporaine of Paris. Henri Michel, secretary-general of the Comité d'Histoire de la Deuxième Guerre Mondiale, was the only non-Jewish participant.

It soon became apparent at the conference that the word "resistance" was being semantically strained. Resistance, in the context of World War II, has been defined as "an organized underground movement of a conquered country made up of groups of fighters engaged in sabotage and secret operations to thwart, waylay, and otherwise wear down occupation forces and often also in punishing collaborators among fellow countrymen." Jewish resistance, as we normally use the expression, also has a fairly well-defined character:

> Resistance on the part of individuals, as well as on the part of entire organized movements; resistance with primitive weapons—rusty pistols and ancient rifles—as well as with modern arms, including automatic rifles and machine guns which were stolen from the Germans themselves; uprisings within the ghetto walls prior to the liquidation actions, as well as during and after them, and an unceasing struggle against the barbaric enemy—in the forests and on the highways, by small groups and by large bands, with the partisan movement, and independent of it.†

A number of the papers delivered at the conference did in fact chronicle, analyze, and celebrate this kind of resistance; they dealt with Jewish partisans, the Jewish underground in Poland and its relations with the Polish underground, the role of Jews in the French resistance movement, the participation of Jews in the Russian and Allied armies, and, of course, the several ghetto uprisings. These papers were, in the main, workmanlike, a few were competent, though some were outrageously partisan. But many other papers postulated an altogether different concept of resistance, defined not as an active form of warfare but rather as a process familiar in medicine or physics: resistance as the ability of an organism to withstand disease or as an opposing or retarding force to motion or energy. The logic for this definition is simple: since the Germans were determined to destroy all Jews, whatever Jews did to thwart that end and survive may be defined as resistance. Consequently, papers were read on "everyday" resistance, education, relief, and welfare as resistance, even (in a classic case of antiphrasis) martyrdom as resistance:

> The importance of the Jewish joke as a means of struggle against the Nazi regime cannot be stressed enough. . . .
>
> . . . writing literature in those days was by itself an act of heroism. . . .
>
> A manifestation of Jewish resistance in day-by-day life [was an] individual's renunciation of a chance to escape. . . .

* Hannah Arendt's blanket condemnation, in *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, of all *Judenraete* somehow came to be identified with Hilberg's accusation about the lack of Jewish resistance, even though Miss Arendt held a contrary view on resistance. Non-Jews, she said, behaved no differently from Jews, either under occupation or in concentration camps. Theoretical constructs about a "ghetto mentality," she felt, should be rejected as explanations for a kind of "behavior which was not at all confined to the Jewish people and which therefore cannot be explained by specifically Jewish factors."

† A. Z. Braun and Dov Levin, "Factors and Motivations in Jewish Resistance," *Yad Washem Bulletin*, December 1957.

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The struggle to give the educational effort a specifically Jewish character. . . .

The documentation activities carried out secretly in the Polish ghetto should be seen as a special form of Jewish civil revolt.

Professionalism, it has been said, tells a historian what questions to ask, not what answers to give. The conference planners already had an answer though no one had put the question: resistance in their view was worthier than nonresistance; resisters were nobler than nonresisters. Given the biases and backgrounds of most participants, that answer was predetermined, and, inevitably, the speakers tried to demonstrate that Jews resisted more than they had been given credit for.

The historian's obligation is not the same as the mourner's or the encomiast's, yet even historians, because of the great drama inherent in the theme, have treated resistance with veneration and acclamation, rather than with detachment. Perhaps this is because in our time resistance has become an ultimate value. (Not just among Jews: one Dutch resistance leader asserted that resistance is worth any price, that "in the final analysis even the saving of precious human lives is not the ultimate criterion . . . but the preservation of the eternal values. . . .") This elevation of resistance to a preciousness equal to or above other ultimate virtues—truth, respect for human life—strikes me, however, as alien to Jewish tradition and history.

THE TRUE converse of resistance is not collaboration but martyrdom, nowadays as unfashionable a concept as resistance is modish. Professor Baron has hypothesized that the ideal of religious martyrdom among Jews and Christians was displaced historically by the Roman concept of the supreme sacrifice for patriotic and nationalist causes (*dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*) as a consequence of the secularization of society. Contributing to this process was an equally secularized notion of honor, an ethical ideal which had its origins in the blend of military and Christian values that made up feudal Christian chivalry. In Jewish tradition, honor has been something different. A Jew honors his father, his mother, and his teachers. Above all, Jews honor God. To be sure, as modernity overtook Jewish traditional society, the Roman and feudal Christian concept of honor infiltrated Jewish thought as well. Nevertheless it gave me a turn to hear, at the ceremonial opening of the Yad Vashem conference, Yitzhak Cukierman, a commandant in the Warsaw ghetto uprising and founder of Lohamei Hagettaot, employ Nietzschean rhetoric when he apostrophized the Zionists in the ghettos because they chose to die with honor when to live without it was no longer possible.

When Jews have chosen to die "with honor," they have meant for the honor of God's name, *kiddush ha-Shem*. Otherwise, they choose to live: ". . . I have set before thee life and death, the blessing and the curse; therefore choose life, that thou mayest live, thou and thy seed" (Deut. 30:19). The object of Jewish law is the preservation of life, not its destruction. "Better to extinguish the light on the Sabbath," says the Talmud, "than to extinguish life, which is God's light." The transcendental importance of human life is related, I suppose, to the ultimate survival of Jews and Judaism until that End of Days when the Messiah will come to deliver us all.

Traditionalists, naturally, have favored policies that they believed—if wrongly, at least in innocent good will—would more likely preserve Jewish lives. Hence, they have tended to be accommodationist-minded. Surprisingly, the modernists among the Jews of Europe turned chivalric and romantic; they chose to fight, to kill, to die. Now we know that neither accommodationism nor resistance appreciably affected the outcome of the German war against the Jews. Neither one policy nor the other saved very many Jews, though perhaps some quantification-minded historian might one day investigate how many Jews were saved by the resisters and how many by the accommodationists.

Scholars too are divided between accommodaionism and resistance. Historians still debate about the Zealots: who was right from the Jewish point of view—the heroic warriors, led by Eleazer ben Yair, who chose "honorable death" on Masada, or Yohanan ben Zakkai who counseled peace rather than resistance? Of course, disagreement and controversy among historians on historical matters are neither uncommon nor illegitimate. Disputes over textual or factual questions often reflect basic divergences in outlook and personal philosophy, but so long as the historian presents evidence which the reader can evaluate, he is entitled to intellectual confidence. However, when his explanations are derived from his personal views and not from a professional, critical reading of his sources, his audience is justified in regarding his work with skepticism. Historians, sad to say, are just as susceptible to prejudice and propaganda as nonhistorians. German historians were not any different from other Germans: during the Nazi regime only a handful withstood the Nazification of their profession. In the United States New Left historians suffer from the same contemporary political viruses that affect their less experienced and untrained students.

This sort of personal/political controversy was exposed dramatically at the Yad Vashem conference during a discussion of two papers dealing with the relationships between *Judenraete* and Jewish resistance movements. Both papers were methodical and thoughtful research studies. One, by Isaiah Trunck, of YIVO's Holocaust Documen-

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tation Project, untangled the skein of documentary material concerning the responses of various *Judenraete* to the underground. Mr. Trunck concluded that the historical sources do not support the black-and-white, good-and-evil contrasts which most writers have so far presented. Dr. Zvi A. Bar-On, of the Hebrew University, in his paper on the two kinds of Jewish leadership under the Nazis—the *Judenrat* and the underground—offered the first attempt at periodization and systematization that I have seen in Holocaust historiography. His historical approach to the moral problems was professionally exemplary, though he clearly was on the side of the resisters. Yet despite the scholarly caliber of both papers, the subsequent discussion turned into a brabble. One of the participants, who had worked with the Dutch resistance in London and whose family had been deported from Amsterdam never to return, delivered a diatribe against the *Judenrat* and in ringing tones exhorted the Israelis to conduct themselves in emulation of the resistance movement. He sat down amid an outburst of applause more appropriate to a political rally than to a scholarly forum.

THE VERY WORD *Judenrat* has come to offend the ear. It conjures up nightmarish images of evil Jewish leaders, collaborating with the Germans, betraying millions of Jews into the gas chambers, while they saved their own and their kin's lives. The diabolization of the *Judenrat* has accompanied the apotheosis of resistance in the historiography of the Holocaust. In most early survivors' accounts, the *Judenraete* were portrayed in unrelieved blackness, their leaders totally lacking in redeeming qualities. Then came Hannah Arendt, one of the most politically sophisticated and philosophically subtle minds of our time, who said in *Eichmann in Jerusalem* what the simple souls and the sloganizing Left had been saying all along. (The difference was that she said it in English, while they had said it in Yiddish and Hebrew.)

Before Miss Arendt leveled her sweeping charges against the *Judenrat* as an instrument of Jewish collaboration with the murderers of Jews, the institution had been little studied, or had been treated as a marginal subject in Holocaust historiography. Except for two volumes of documents, just recently published by Yad Vashem, one about the *Judenrat* in Lublin and the other about Bialystok, and aside from some scholarly and not-so-scholarly articles over the years, I know of no major monograph, dissertation, or book on the subject. A book on *Judenraete* in Eastern Europe, by Isaiah Trunck, now nearing completion, was commissioned jointly by YIVO and Yad Vashem some years ago. In December 1967 the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research held a colloquium on *Judenraete* which, so far as I know, represented the first attempt by a research group to scrutinize this institution using the methods of critical scholarship. (The proceedings are shortly to be published.)

To a certain extent, serious historical interest in the *Judenrat* was prompted by Jewish defensiveness in response to Miss Arendt's accusation. As a historical field it is subject to the same liabilities as resistance, with some additional ones to boot.

To begin with, the normal succession of research, study, analysis, and generalization has been reversed in the case of the *Judenrat*. Before research was conducted on individual *Judenraete*, before biographies were done of individuals associated with them, before fragmentary bits and pieces could be cumulated for even a modest historical synthesis, the grand generalizations were being drawn. The *Judenrat* was viewed as unitary, almost like a natural phenomenon subject to scientific law. This is not the place to argue whether history is an art or science, but we do know that history, unlike physical science, is the study of individual phenomena. The historical universe contains an infinite variety of people, episodes, and events. The historian investigates specific individuals in specific places at specific times acting under specific conditions.

Passing as historical judgments, the generalizations made about the *Judenrat* were in fact moral judgments. As Norman Podhoretz first pointed out in the pages of this journal, Hannah Arendt's *Eichmann in Jerusalem* was in no sense "a work of objective historical research aimed at determining 'the way things really were.'" ("Hannah Arendt on Eichmann: A Study in the Perversity of Brilliance," September 1963.) It was rather a moral tract, whose discussion of good and evil and individual responsibility was directed not so much to understanding the past as to sounding an alarm for the future.

JEWS ARE enjoined not to judge their fellow men in extraordinary situations. Hillel says: "Do not judge thy comrade until thou hast stood in his place." Rabbi Jonah, commenting on Hillel, says: "If a person says that a companion of his in high office does not behave justly, let him not say: 'If I occupied his position, I would not do any of the evil things he does.' You don't know. Human beings, one's no better than the next! Perhaps that office would have perverted you too."

Consider in this regard the case of Leo Baeck. A revered rabbi of the Jewish community of Berlin, he has also been characterized as a villain. From 1933 until 1939, Baeck presided over the *Reichsvertretung der deutschen Juden* and, from 1939 until 1943, over the German-imposed *Reichsvereinigung der Juden in Deutschland*. In 1943 he was taken to Theresienstadt. Though he had had to deal with the Germans in his capacity as head of the *Reichsvertretung* and its successor organization, Baeck did not learn about the final destination to which Jews were being deported until he was in Theresienstadt.

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One day in August of 1943, as he himself relates, a fellow inmate named Grünberg came to him. Having bound Baeck to silence, Grünberg said that his best friend had visited him in the middle of the night and informed him about Auschwitz—that everyone knew the Jews were being gassed to death at Auschwitz, except those assigned to slave labor. "So it was not just a rumor," Baeck commented, "or, as I had hoped, the illusion of a diseased imagination." He had to decide what to do:

> I went through a hard struggle debating whether it was my duty to convince Grünberg that he must repeat what he had heard before the Council of Elders, of which I was an honorary member. I finally decided that no one should know it. If the Council of Elders were informed, the whole camp would know within a few hours. Living in the expectation of death by gassing would only be the harder and this death was not certain at all: there was selection for slave labor; perhaps not all transports went to Auschwitz. So I came to the grave decision to tell no one.*

How does one judge Baeck's silence? Was it akin to Plato's noble lie, undertaken for the public good? The most sympathetic, yet hardheaded, caution on how to deal with such problems has been given by Herbert Butterfield, professor of modern history at Cambridge:

> The historian can never quite know men from the inside—never quite learn the last secret of the workings of inspiration in a poet or of piety in a devout religious leader. For the same reason he can never quite carry his enquiries to that innermost region where the final play of motive and the point of responsibility can be decided.
>
> What is essential to the whole task is the realization that a special effort is needed to comprehend the men who are not like-minded with oneself. . . .

This cautionary attitude was missing at the Yad Vashem conference. With few demurrers, the participants reiterated the familiar tale of the glory that was resistance and the disgrace that was the *Judenrat*. Most of them, to my mind, were sooner prepared to pass moral judgments than to search for historical explanations. "When the passions of the past blend with the prejudices of the present," wrote Marc Bloch, "human reality is reduced to a picture in black and white."

* Eric H. Boehm, ed., *We Survived: The Stories of Fourteen of the Hidden and the Hunted of Nazi Germany*, New Haven, 1949, p.293.

STILL, though Yad Vashem's performance has not been up to expectation, Holocaust history will, I believe, be written in Israel. The younger Israeli historians, some associated with the Hebrew University, whose work is now beginning to be published, have impeccable academic credentials, sound historical training, and a professionalism that has sensitized them to the pitfalls of subjectivism. Furthermore, Israeli Jews have in abundance two qualities which American Jews lack but which Holocaust historiography requires. One is the ability to face death—its idea and its reality—and the other is a wholesome sense of Jewish identity. Handling the historical data requires both physical stamina and a heart strong enough to bear the anguish, endure the degradation, and transcend the defilement. It means being able to resist the natural desire to escape the victim's fate.

Few American Jews, I fear, can meet these standards. No American-born Jewish historian that I know of has undertaken any study of the Holocaust, though in the United States at least 1500 Jews have doctoral degrees in history. Jewish educators have taken twenty-five years to prepare a systematic teaching guide to instruct Jewish children about the Holocaust. For all their generosity to the survivors, most American Jews cannot confront the Holocaust. They have not responded with even the normal reactions—mourning, commemoration, remembrance. That they leave to the foreign-born Jews. Native American Jews evade, suppress, deny, escape from the very thought or articulation of the Holocaust.

History, it has often been asserted, educates us, makes us wise, helps us understand ourselves and our society: "There is no future without a past and no past without a future." Simon Dubnow once thought that Jewish history would one day contribute to erasing intolerance, while Y. L. Peretz believed that progress was possible only through memory and history. Hegel was less hopeful: "Peoples and governments never learned anything from history, or acted on principles deduced from it." The Holocaust has made us despair that history can teach us anything that we might want to learn. To study it, however, can expand our self-knowledge, show us what we are capable of being and doing, for good or evil, under stress, in shock or trauma. For the Jewish historian, there is an added consideration: writing the history of the Holocaust, or of a fragment of it, can become a secular act of bearing witness to Auschwitz and to the mystery of Jewish survival.

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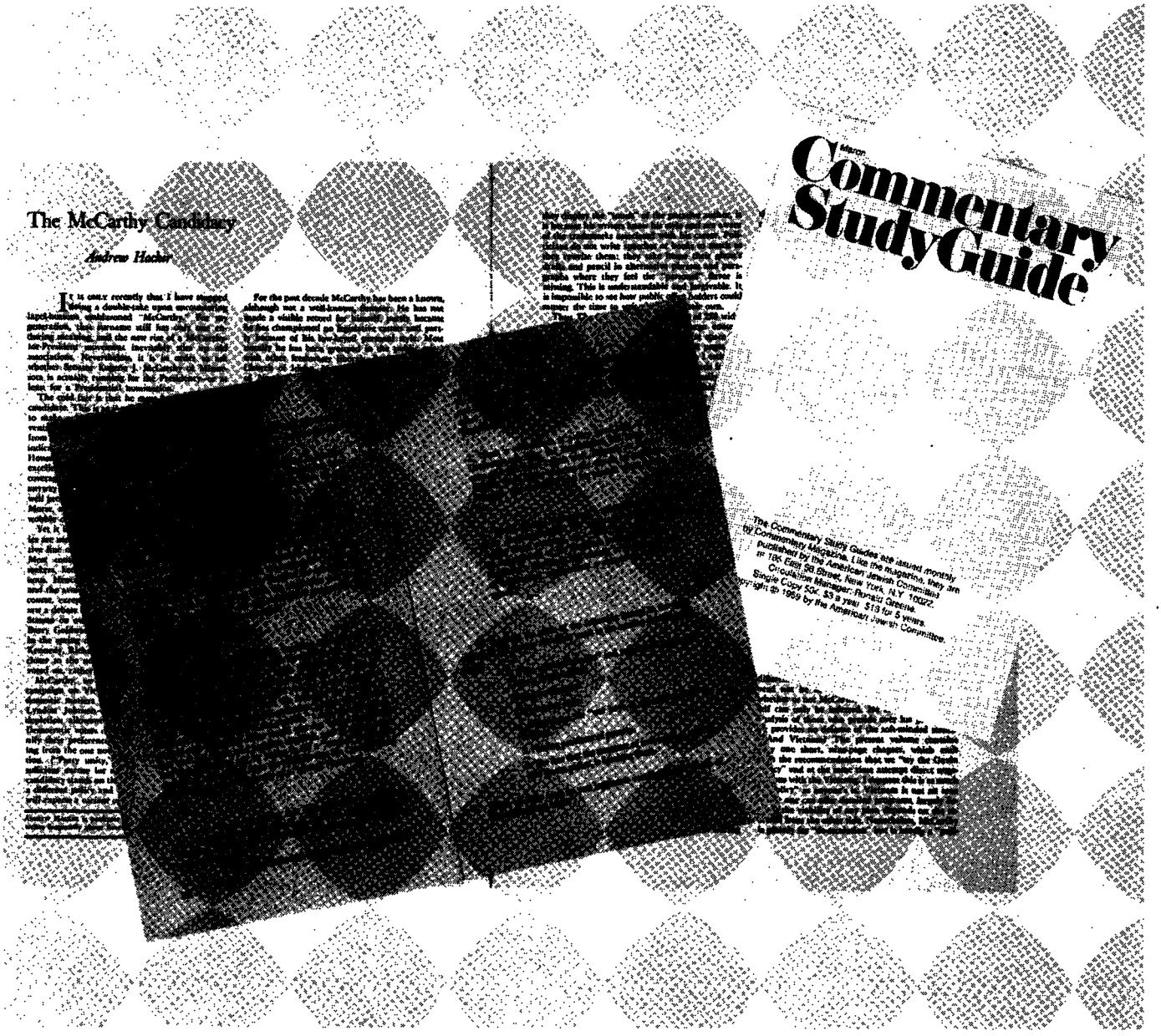

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For and Against Godard

William S. Pechter

SEVEN YEARS AGO, I published a long piece on *Breathless* which may well have been (and, apart from brief reviews, was almost certainly) the first serious criticism in praise of Godard in English, and during the course of which I invoked comparisons with *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*. Recently, I was present at a lecture by a film critic on Godard at which the critic—he is an intelligent one—compared Godard with Picasso, called him "*the* artist of the second half of the 20th century," and declared *Weekend* to be about "the history and pre-history of the universe." Before the lecture, I had asked the critic if he liked *Weekend*. No, he said, he didn't actually *like* it, but, in the course of seeing it numerous times, he was starting to.

This is about par for the course. Even Homer nods, but not, to judge from current cant, Godard; and, in such ardently Godardite camps as *Sight and Sound* (in which ardor flamed after initial coolness), one often feels no more is needed than the latest title and synopsis to prepare the ritualistic rave. The sense of ritual is quite real, and twofold, for so far has Godard come to be seen as the film maker as exemplary figure, ushering in the new sensibility, rather than as an individual artist of (naturally) inconsistent achievements, that a point granted against Godard now seems to carry with it a loss of ground for all of cinema from its new-found eminence. Godard is the one film maker about whom one must have a position, and usually an extreme one, and one would need to have something like superhuman confidence in one's own powers of judgment not to feel pressured onto the bandwagon by one's awareness that all the intelligent critics, Susan Sontag chief among them, are already there, passionately on Godard's side, leaving it for people like John Simon and Stanley Kauffmann to attack under a flag of outraged philistinism from the rear. Yet to have mixed feelings, to admire some things in Godard's work while rejecting others, is not to have no position, but only an unhistrionic one. As of this writing I have seen thirteen of the fifteen feature-length films he has completed, and I have deeply divided feelings about Godard, feelings bordered on their extremes by the highest admiration and an intense aversion, but mainly falling somewhere in between.

When I wrote about *Breathless*, I had seen no other of Godard's films (none other, at that time, having been released in the United States). Recently, I saw *Breathless* again, and, despite the complicated reservations I now have about Godard's art, I found it no less a masterpiece than I had at first, its freshness undiminished by the extent to which its innovations have been cannibalized by commerce, much as Brando's performance in *On the Waterfront* has withstood all onslaughts of imitation and parody. Nor was the renewed excitement of it, so strong as to take me by surprise, simply a case of being bound by my previous critical investment in the work, though I have, in fact, seen only one Godard film which I admire more—his second full-length film, *Le Petit Soldat*, which I saw for the first time only after having seen all but a few of the films Godard had made since.

Even if they cannot quite persuade one to join the committed, the scatological vituperations of a John Simon do provide a chastening illustration of the folly in ignoring the argument that it is foolish to criticize Godard for not doing what he nowhere intends to do. The lecturer I heard described Godard's style as essayistic, a word I thought taken aptly until I realized it was being extended to validate every inconsistency of the films as imaginative fictions in the name of the freedom of direct address. It is true that Godard is not a narrative artist, though he makes extensive use of narrative fictions in his art; Godard's art *is* essayistic in that he has innovated the most supple, lively, and brilliant expository style in the history of films, but one needs to remember in this that an expository style is no less (and, in many respects, more) bound by canons of coherence and integrity than a narrative one. Unless, of course, one is appealing to the new sensibility and the future, in which case anything goes, because who can tell that it may not.

THERE IS, of course, another word which has been used to sanction everything in Godard's work that is digressive, jarring of tone, "unreal," unbelievable, and self-conscious in calling attention to the films as films; that word is "Brechtian." It would be interesting, I think, to trace the progress of that word, especially in its application to films, from description to sanctification, but that subject is beyond my scope here, nor is it my intention to denigrate Brecht. Brecht is, I think, a great artist (who, like Homer, nods, as witness *Galileo*) but, unlike Godard, preeminently a narrative artist and a poet, whose celebrated theatrical devices were intended to cool off plays of great dramatic fire for didactic purposes, and, contrarily, to enhance their power by the tension created between style and substance (with the contradictory effect possibly not an intended one). Godard is an artist of essentially cool temperament, in whose work Brechtian

WILLIAM S. PECHTER *has written on film in the* Kenyon Review, *the* London Magazine, Sight and Sound *and elsewhere. The present essay will appear in a book on which he is currently working.*

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devices function, at their best, as paradoxes and conceits, and more often as mannerisms; his most self-consciously Brechtian film, *Les Carabiniers*, is not only, to my mind, by far his least successful but also the most advanced case of Brecht in the head—of Brecht as a lifeless concept—that I have ever seen. Among films, only Kurosawa's *Yojimbo* has seemed to me truly Brechtian, and this not in any of its trappings but rather in its ironic view of "human nature" —it is Brechtian in spirit, in the way in which such affinities become truly meaningful. In *Les Carabiniers*, characters and events in which there has been not the slightest investment of imaginative energy are endistanced by Brechtian devices. It is like a distance taken on empty space.

Les Carabiniers is, admittedly, an extreme case; a work aping Brecht in its totality, like a bad dream of *Mother Courage*. Elsewhere in Godard devices which might be called Brechtian, such as the use of titles and of the actor turning to the audience in direct address, are employed to brilliant effect, but also to strikingly different effect from that to which similar devices are put in the work of Brecht. Though the plot-revealing titles which serve as chapter headings to the episodes of *My Life to Live* may superficially resemble similar features in Brecht, their effect in Godard's film is not to diminish suspense but rather to intensify pathos, being a formal equivalent to the deterministic universe in which the prostitute heroine is enmeshed without her comprehending it.* Similarly, the profusion of interpolated "titles" from billboards, magazine advertisements, etc., in *The Married Woman*, although frequently providing a commentary on the action in a sense that might be described as Brechtian, provides far beyond this a context, an ambiance, for the heroine's affectless dislocation; indeed, these "titles" become, in this film, an element as tangible and animate as the characters themselves. And when the actors in *Masculine Feminine* turn to the camera and begin to speak to us, the action is interrupted and our interest in it temporarily distracted, but the sense achieved is of a *cinéma-vérité* interview in which the subject reveals itself, and, while the critics may go on about the paradoxes of art and life thus embodied, the immediate effect is of an *increased* involvement with the characters' "reality."

If one would be foolish to ask Godard to be what he essentially is not, and if he is not Brecht, then what is he? Essentially, a film by Godard is a patchwork of action held together by an intricate, tensely strung network of ideas and associations and by the urgent charge of the technique. Even in his best films, the action seems somewhat randomly distributed through the work as a whole, lacking in that sense of structural necessity which one traditionally apprehends in most great films and works of literary and dramatic art, however episodic in character, and through which one perceives the work's essential unity. In part, this is only to say in a more descriptive way what I have already said: that Godard is not a narrative artist, something which most of his admirers and even Godard himself have been quite willing to concede. My films have a beginning, a middle, and an end but not necessarily in that order, Godard has said, though, like many of his recent pronouncements, this tends to sound considerably more impressive the less one attempts to look into it.

YET GODARD's best work does have a unity, a unity of theme and of thematically interwoven ideas. The life and energy of a Godard film is preeminently conceptual, and this, despite the great vividness and brilliance of detail, in a way that tends always toward abstraction. Godard's films have been frequently contrasted to Antonioni's, usually to make a point the reverse of which I think is true; for, though it is easy to discuss Antonioni's films with reference to large generalities about the failure of communication (and despite the fact that much of *The Red Desert* does conform to just such a stereotype), a film such as *Eclipse* seems to me marked rather by its extreme concreteness, by the way it resists the attempt to abstract some general meaning from the materiality of the characters in their shifting relationships to one another and to the objects they imbue with their emotional resonance. *Eclipse* is *about* its protagonist couple; *Breathless* is about the styles of life its protagonists embody and the destinies these styles imply to the extent that one is hardly aware that its climax is psychologically implausible, so much is it conceptually necessary and inevitable.

PAULINE KAEL has somewhere spoken of Antonioni as a director of surfaces, and, though the phrase was intended pejoratively, it is possible to extend its meaning to describe one of the most impressive qualities of his films: their fidelity to the texture and solidity of the material world. In this sense, Godard might be called, not always happily, a director of depths; at least, he could not be said to be concerned with surface verisimilitude. Where his films attain the abstract power of a *Breathless*, this lack of concern scarcely matters and, indeed, can be felt as a strength and a freedom, as in *Le Petit Soldat* when the protagonist, walking along a crowded street with a gun in his hand to commit political assassination, goes unnoticed by the passers-by in a way that is superficially incredible but is given a metaphorical rightness by the film's accelerating thematic movement. (Paradoxically, the scene happens to have been filmed with a hidden camera recording a real street, real people, and their actual failure to

* This reading of the film is at considerable variance with that of Susan Sontag in *Against Interpretation* who takes the heroine's words—"I think you are always responsible for what you do. . . . And free." —at something like face value, although they are contradicted by all the events of the film culminating in the heroine's stunningly abrupt death during a casually violent quarrel between two pimps about who owns her. Indeed, the film's main force and extreme poignancy derives, I think, from just this contradiction between how the heroine conceives herself and what happens to her; this is intensified by our being deliberately deprived, in the manner of the *nouveau roman*, of any psychological interpretation of character and event through which this contradiction might be resolved.

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react to what was happening.) Conversely, when this power is lacking, Godard's films have seemed debilitated even when most successful as straightforward narrative, as in *Band of Outsiders* in which the abstract rigor is sacrificed to a failed lyricism, or *Alphaville* in which the intellectual complexities and great plastic beauty of the film's surface are unable to redeem the Luddite tract at its core.

IF IT IS TRUE that the richness of Godard's best work derives in great part from its density of ideas, it must be added that the ideas, too, move toward their furthest limits of abstraction; to that point where, abstracted from argument or context, they can be employed for their poetic reverberations. (The play of ideas in *La Chinoise* is, perhaps, an exception to this.) I have in mind, especially, the use Godard makes of literary ideas and of the quotations from literature with which virtually all his films abound. Like everything else in Godard, these do not always work, but when they do, as in the quotation and paraphrases of Cocteau's ruminations on death from *Thomas the Imposter* in *Le Petit Soldat*, the effect achieved is of a crystallization and prismatic dispersion of the theme. But beyond their particular resonance within each individual film, the literary quotations and allusions become cumulatively an expressive parallel to the recurring attempt of Godard's protagonists to arrest something sustaining, however fragmentary, from the chaotic flux of their culture, both high and low, the latter represented by the repeated references to other movies.* Much like Pound, Godard ransacks and appropriates all culture to serve his immediate ends, and, though the effect of this can descend at its worst to mere pastiche, it is, as in Pound, almost always accompanied by a freshness of technique and an innovative excitement of a kind probably unmatched in the medium since the days of the silent film masters. Indeed, Godard's films have come increasingly to take on the aspect of a compressed stylistic history of his medium in their combination of natural settings and natural lighting with a revival or, rather, reinvention of the two lost traditions of the silent film: montage, freed from didactic rigidity in the expressive collages of *Breathless* and *Le Petit Soldat*; and expressionism, given a new sensuousness in the flattened space and primary colors of *Contempt* and *La Chinoise*. In fact, in the prolific impact he has had in revolutionizing and synthesizing ideas of film style, there is probably no one with whom Godard can be compared since Griffith. There is, however, another comparison of a different sort which Godard seems almost consciously to be inviting in his most recent work, and through which one may see, in part, what Godard is not.

I HAVE SPOKEN of the essence of a Godard film as a patchwork, and Godard has himself subtitled one of his films, *The Married Woman*, "Fragments of a Film Shot in 1964," though, ironically, these words are used to characterize what is perhaps the most symmetrically structured of all of the films he has made. In the course of a strenuous defense of Godard in *Partisan Review*, Susan Sontag has attempted to justify the fragmentariness, formlessness, and disunity of Godard's films head on, without denying the accuracy of these words as description, and again with the determination to meet Godard on terms confined by his intentions.

But there is, finally, a point beyond which such argument cannot go: the point at which one must attempt to appraise the intentions themselves, and, with this, to understand that, even if it were true that traditional concepts of artistic unity are no longer viable, it does not necessarily follow that disunity is endowed with aesthetic worth. Yet, even short of arguing this, one may feel Miss Sontag's terms do not define the issue precisely. Where Godard's films fail is not in formlessness; *Breathless* is structurally weak yet a spectacular achievement in its more than compensating virtues, whereas *The Married Woman* achieves something like formal perfection at the exorbitant cost of the earlier film's vitality; nor is it in what Miss Sontag has called their "intermittent" plots, a less unprecedented phenomenon in films than she seems to believe. Films as diverse as *Eclipse*, Dovzhenko's *Earth*, Vigo's *L'Atalante*, Renoir's *French Can-Can*, and Ford's *Wagonmaster* have used plots more or less as pretexts, to be intermittently taken up and abandoned, while their main developmental movement lay elsewhere. When, in *Pierrot le Fou*, a violent cops-and-robbers plot is intermittently grafted onto the study of an intellectual's disaffection, one is troubled not so much by the intermittence but by the grafting: by the failure of the plot to relate organically to the theme.

IT IS NOT intermittent plot but intermittent imaginative energy that seems to account for the peculiar impoverishment of so many passages of Godard's work, that gives his work its fitful, partially uncreated quality. In part, this may be owing to Godard's improvisatory methods, though the extent to which he actually relies on improvisation has never been made clear; no one expects that even a great improvising artist—Ornette Coleman, for instance—will not on occasion perform erratically. Of Godard's films, only *Breathless* and *Le Petit Soldat* seem to spring from a unifying vision which infuses all their parts, however discursive, with an equal power so that, despite their narrative intermittence and stylistic fragmentation, they possess a unity of conceptual movement which is beautifully shaped and modulated; and probably *Contempt* alone, though more seriously flawed a work, has a coherent, overarching action capable of containing the

* Apart from their use in *Breathless*, the references to other movies seem to me among the least assimilated and weakest elements of Godard's films, as in such things as the flash title, "Arizona Jules," in *Weekend*—a meaningless transposition between the "Arizona Jim" of Renoir's *The Crime of M. Lange* and the title of Truffaut's *Jules and Jim*. Since those who don't "get" such allusions may feel defensively that they have failed to penetrate to some level of profundity and those who do are invited to self-congratulation, these things have tended to be praised as wit by the only persons who might be capable of knowing better.

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film's ideas and feeling.* Where this organic power wavers, there may be substituted an application of force as in the violent interludes of *Masculine Feminine*; and where it is largely lacking, a Godard film might be redefined as a patchwork of anecdote and unassimilated references held together by will and marked by the director's personal intrusiveness. For it is almost unvaryingly true that Godard's films are at their most powerful wherever the director is furthest from addressing us in his own voice, the voice that is so insistently present in the harangues and hippie-guerrilla agitprop of *Weekend*.

IN *Weekend*, as perhaps never more clearly before, one sees together what Godard is, what he is not, and what he is in the act of trying to become. The opening section, with its Swiftian conceit of modern civilization finding fulfillment in a riot of horrific highway carnage, is brilliantly stunning; both typical in the way it has its life as idea and atypical in the way it derives its intensity not from a complex of associations but rather from the relentlessness with which a single idea is pushed to its furthest extremity—incidents escalating from the frustrations of minor collisions to ever bloodier and more casually regarded spectacles of orgiastic destruction.† To this point, the film's meaning is fully made metaphor, but the director has intentions which take him beyond this, and increasingly we hear Godard's own voice articulating them; first, in the twin monologues on the Third World, which, more than anything else, evince how quickly the *cinéma-vérité*-like interviews which seemed so fresh and vital in *Masculine Feminine* and only slightly less so in *La Chinoise* have hardened into stylistic mannerism; and then in the depiction of the new life of guerrilla warfare in which we are confronted finally with Godard as propagandist for the revolution.

SPEAKING on the Berkeley campus shortly before he made *Weekend*, Godard remarked, "I think an idea is a theoretical weapon and a film is a theoretical rifle"; soon after *Weekend*, he was advocating art by group, and urging his audience at the premiere of his new film in London to demand the refund of their ticket prices so as to send the money instead to the Eldridge Cleaver Defense Fund, having only a few weeks before announced his last-minute cancellation of a speaking engagement with the message: "Go out into the streets, find the poorest man, pay him my fee, and speak instead to him of sounds and images." My point in mentioning this is not to belittle the particular causes or sentiments involved nor to argue in general the internal inconsistencies and futility of such postures—Eric Bentley has done this better than he apparently now wishes he had in the first part of his essay, "The Pro and Con of Political Theatre"—but rather to note the extent to which such commitment has had its palpable effect on Godard's art. For, if the notion that art is a weapon has never demonstrably altered the world, it has altered the art of its adherents. And what one sees in the direct addresses on the Third World and hortatory depictions of life among the new revolutionaries, quite beyond their naiveté as actual politics, is the propagandist's traditional impatience with art itself in Godard's deliberate rejection of those elements of his art from which it has drawn so much of its richness. Where were once the vivacious character-revealing monologues of *Masculine Feminine* are now monologues which reflect a reluctance to imagine character at all; where were once the complex meditations on the inescapability and inescapable tragedy of political involvement in *Le Petit Soldat* are now recruiting posters for the new life punctuated by titles like "Arizona Jules." Where was once Godard is now neo-Eisenstein.

Perhaps nowhere is this development in Godard's work more strongly sensed than in the images of death which pervade his films, and on which almost all end. Stylized as those images are in *Breathless* or in *My Life to Live* or *Contempt*, they are invested still with the impact of death as a reality in a sense that is increasingly lost to such later work as *Band of Outsiders* and *Pierrot le Fou*, in which death is conceived directly as an abstraction or conceit, unmediated by any imagination of death in its reality. I spoke earlier of the abstractness of Godard's films, but, in his best work, the pull toward abstraction is always exerted against some element of concreteness. *Breathless* is dense with ideas about death, but when, early in the film, a man is killed by a car and Michel walks over to see what happened, crosses himself, and continues on his way, the thing itself seems, here as throughout, never far away. When Arthur dies with exaggerated gestures in *Band of Outsiders*, there are elaborate, echoing cross-references without a compelling embodiment. We are given the depths, but deprived of the surfaces.

With *Weekend*, this tendency comes full circle, for, as though unwilling to trust that the harrowing black comedy of the film's first section is sufficient to arouse his audience, Godard goes on to stage a real slaughter of real animals. Again there is the application of force in the absence of power; and again, despite Godard's incomparably greater intellectual complexity and suppleness of style, one is reminded of Eisenstein. As with Eisenstein, art is sacrificed to the exigencies of didacticism, but, as with Eisenstein, an exigent didacticism becomes both a virtuous armor and an alibi. For one needn't feel repelled by such activity as a failure of humanity to see that it is also an artistic failure; reality by default of the artist's imagination.

There is a sense in which, as Robin Wood has suggested in an article in *New Left Review*, all of Godard's films until *Weekend*,

* Though this action may be taken over from the Moravia novel from which *Contempt* is adapted, it is clearly made Godard's in all its details, the film's failure stemming from the burdens that are placed on one's sharing Godard's conviction that Fritz Lang is a great artist and on one's being able to believe that the film within a film evokes great art; both of these elements exist in the work as imaginatively uncreated assertions.

† As my language may indicate and as is strikingly announced by the long erotic monologue with which *Weekend* begins, the film's identification of destructive with thwarted sexual energy is unmistakable.

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strikingly different from each other as they are, can be seen as embryonically present, both stylistically and thematically, in *Breathless*. In all the films, alienated protagonists attempt to wrest for themselves a coherent identity and an epistemology from the fragments of their culture and its debris. "A person ought to feel unified," says Belmondo as Godard's alter ego in *Pierrot le Fou*. And, as in the case of Resnais, different as he and Godard are in almost every particular, one sees in such moments an epitome of how the artist, especially one practicing self-consciously an art of highly developed technique, can make, of his own artistic weaknesses, his subject.

GODARD is, I think, an artist with serious weaknesses. He is also one of the handful of stylistically innovative geniuses to have worked in films, and an artist whose first two works are among the masterpieces of his medium. None of Godard's subsequent films (of the full-length films he has made before *Weekend*, I have not seen *Made in U.S.A.* or *Deux ou Trois Choses*) seems to me quite as consistently good as these—though *Contempt* falls just short of them, and my admiration for *Masculine Feminine*, and for such intentionally lighter works as *A Woman is a Woman* and *La Chinoise*, is considerable. In writing on *Breathless*, I tried to show, in detail, how a particular Godard film works; here, I have been concerned rather with what seem to me the general tendencies of Godard's work seen in its entirety. Inasmuch as current writing on the subject seems mainly to divide into the passionately pro or con, this piece has been against Godard; against, at least, the unqualified adulation of him. Otherwise, even where I take exception to a number of the characteristics of his work, I would like not to think of it so. There is much, especially in Godard's most recent films, which I reject or dislike, but nowhere, apart from *Les Carabiniers*, are these feelings unmixed with admiration. I go now to each new Godard film with a certain skepticism, even an anticipatory resistance, as well as some anxious expectations of the work's difficulty, but never without an anticipation also of immense intellectual excitement of a kind that Godard has virtually introduced into films singlehandedly. For this achievement, one must have admiration, even while acknowledging what may be the defects of its virtues. To eulogize indiscriminately both defects and virtues is only to bring all praise of Godard into disrepute.

Notes on Aggression

John Thompson

ABOUT VIOLENCE we don't even seem to know the right questions, let alone the answers. Everyone is aware now of human aggression in a way we never were before. We stand aghast at ourselves, the very terms of our speech on the subject discredited. *Homo homini lupus*; yes, except that wolves, we now know, are not wolfish to other wolves. A fight between wolves ends when one of them, losing, offers his throat to the other; the victor is inhibited, automatically, from the death stroke. Of all animals only man, it seems, lacks some part of this instinct that protects the species from mutual slaughter. We cannot any longer call violent men "bestial" or say that an area of "unbridled" aggression is a "jungle." A jungle is a rather peaceful place, no more red in tooth and claw than is necessary for the survival of the various species that eat members of other species and never their own. We ought to say to those who act violently, "Don't be human." But our language has not yet accommodated itself to our new feelings.

Rats are a kind of domesticated animal and, like chickens, they may treat one another as badly as men do.

* * *

WE ARE shocked at the "violence" of students when they occupy college buildings for redress of their grievances. We are even more shocked when the police arrive and club the students. Actually, except at San Francisco State where President Hayakawa leaped happily into the fray, all parties on American campuses have behaved with great restraint. The students have by and large avoided fighting one another. At Columbia, the "jocks" lurked behind a crowd and darted out now and then to throw eggs at the demonstrators speaking from occupied Hamilton Hall. The constraints that forbid direct physical conflict among middle-class Americans still seem to hold. Even the demonstrators in Chicago were surprised that the police actually hurt them—some of those who sent out the innocents of course were not surprised at all.

At Tokyo University, Japan's Oxford and Cambridge, armies of students fought pitched battles on the campus until the University was closed down. It is said that American student radicals visited Tokyo to study the techniques of escalation, which had caused the fighting to progress from fists to wooden staves to metal staves, and had included the innovation of wearing ski-masks to prevent identification of the students. Those whose goal is not university reform but the destruction of American society will not find it easy to mobilize members of this student generation against one another. If they initiate physical conflict, they are more likely to lose sympathy among their own partisans than they are to evoke the retaliation they want from the other team. Each side is aware of its own restraints and still expects that the others feel them too.

* * *

THE CASE may seem to remain about where it was when Freud wrote the following words forty years ago, in *Civilization and Its Discontents*:

> The fateful question of the human species seems to me to be whether and to what extent the cultural process developed in it will succeed in mastering the de-

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JOHN THOMPSON's The Talking Girl and Other Poems *was nominated for a National Book Award.*

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rangements of communal life caused by the human instinct of aggression and self-destruction. In this connection, perhaps the phase through which we are at this moment passing deserves special interest. Men have brought their powers of subduing the forces of nature to such a pitch that by using them they could now very easily exterminate one another to the last man. They know this—hence arises a great part of their current unrest, their dejection, their mood of apprehension. And now it may be expected that the other of the two heavenly forces, eternal Eros, will put forth his strength so as to maintain himself alongside of his equally immortal adversary.

Yet the Nazis, in the catastrophe that Freud and the world feared then, were not quite able to exterminate their enemies to the last man, as we are now able to do. The mood of unrest, dejection, and apprehension remains. Still, no one today is preaching the unlimited violence of Hitler. And even Hitler knew that there were finally some restraints. He knew the war would end when he killed himself. All wars but ours could always end in no more than a normal sort of disaster.

* * *

EROS has certainly been called loudly and long since Freud finished that most marvelous little book, *Civilization and Its Discontents*, but has he come to perform his historic task? He has come for something, that we all agree. Released from the enormous chains that bound him in the dungeon of Western civilization for so long, he seems now to move among us free as a breeze. True, most of us are still a long way from Norman O. Brown's Eden of the polymorphous perverse; few of us even argue in favor of abolishing the incest taboo, in Freud's view "perhaps the most maiming wound ever inflicted throughout the ages on the erotic life of man." This we would have to do if we truly sought to restore to Eros any really large share of the energy robbed from him by culture, by civilization. But many of the superfluous hobbles have been removed, at least, and on the surface, at least, things are very different. I imagine they are rather different below the surface, too, in our private (or semi-private or public!) erotic pursuits today.

Things can change. These changes have been brought about largely through a concerted drive by artists and intellectuals, with some practical assistance from scientists and profiteers.

* * *

REASON FAILS us when we deal with the twin brother of Eros. In her brilliant discussion called "Reflections on Violence" (*New York Review of Books*, February 27, 1969), Hannah Arendt dissects with her customary lexical skill the distinctions between "power" and "violence," and notes many of the manifestations of destruction which threaten the power of our government through their violence. Violence threatens, she says, when true power, the strength to be able to do things, fades away. Violence of the blacks, of the police, in crime, on highways, joins with the general breakdown of the services in our mass society. But about war, her verbal and logical analysis can lead only to tautology. "The chief reason why warfare is still with us is neither a secret death wish of the human species nor an irrepressible instinct of aggression nor, finally and more plausibly, the serious economic and social dangers inherent in disarmament, but the simple fact that nothing to substitute for this final arbiter in international affairs has yet appeared on the political scene." The question, of course, is why not.

* * *

SOMETIMES when I think of aggression, when I think of what a large part of a man aggression is, and how this so large part of our humanity troubles us, I think of Odysseus. Homer created for him a Garden of Eden of aggression, and since then, for that manly instinct it has been downhill all the way. Scarcely in our dreams can we now afford that full humanity the poet gave his hero. Sneaky little dreams we have of violence against our enemies, as frivolous as a Western movie, or in war or in "civil" disturbances actually running amok against enemies—but with such bad conscience! In such agony and such remorse! Hardly a man dares prefer anger to ulcers, and even if we dared, we lack the time, the place, the implements, the freedom: even, in fact, nearly all of us, the actual necessity.

Odysseus rummaged around the known and the fabled world, sacking cities when supplies ran short, killing those who interfered with him, or having his men killed when he was less lucky, and he suffered pain from their deaths but never guilt for anything. His world was small, bright, dangerous, and beautiful, stocked everywhere with well-carved tables in marble halls and deep fleeces and hot baths; with caves full of monsters; beautiful maidens; oxen, pigs, and sheep to carve up and eat; skins full of wine. The implements of his travel, of all his daily life, were those we are able to employ only on expensive vacations: sailboats, barbecues, horseback riding, swimming. Here—and it was in the Mediterranean, our playground!—it was a man's job to take a woman, acquire property, and establish a family. Around his house was a wall, and inside it his woman, his spears, his bows, swords, and daggers. It was all his so long as he could hold it, and there was nothing to be ashamed of in success. Success went to those who were strong, handsome, and crafty, and they deserved it by winning it. This ideal, however we cringe as we regard it, is the human ideal. Other and more limited are the ideals we must seek for ourselves, but they are all distortions of the truly human. Odysseus said it all. Greeting Nausicaa, the lovely virgin, and, since he required much of her, wishing her well, he said, "May the gods accomplish your desire: a home, a husband, and harmony with him—for the best thing in the world is a strong house where man and wife agree, bringing harm to their enemies and joy to their friends!"

So, in that Garden of Eden, a man could be fully human, join-

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ing one little settlement in war against another from time to time, protecting his own walls, winning or losing, but all without guilt, all without doing any really great damage to the race itself. Good luck to the strong, and everyone played by those rules. If things seemed bad, as when Odysseus lost his cattle to the suitors, he could say to his son, "Never mind, we'll go out and steal some more."

But those days, which never existed, are now gone forever, even in dreams. Odysseus's kingdom, just family-size, was too small to last; the unending slaughter of blood feuds was too dangerous when people lived close together in larger settlements. So the Athenians had to deal with human aggression, in that tale of the house of Atreus which is the parallel to that of Odysseus, converting the bloody furies that hounded Orestes into the Blessed Ones, guardians of the city and spirits of its fertility. Easy enough it was, to forge this power of aggression into a civic bond, uniting all within against all without. It worked beautifully, in the only real democracy the world has seen, and it allowed them to ruin themselves fighting Sparta. That is what we have been doing ever since, nothing but that, with Eros forming us into ever larger and larger units and his deadly twin patrolling the walls. And now we have come to an end of it. Everyone knows that we cannot strike at those out there without destroying ourselves.

* * *

IN ADDITION to the fact that we are ashamed and repulsed by the sight of a huge power like ourselves crushing a tiny peasant race, our war against Vietnam repels us because we have been asked to support it without calling on the resources of our aggression. Most participants in a modern war of course do not need the ancient rage, it would only interfere with the control of their extraordinarily complicated vehicles. Those in personal combat, the infantry, will have sufficient occasion to supply their own feelings. They have always been notably uninterested in civic zeal. But how could we be expected to support the killing of strangers, and to accept the deaths of our own, without summoning up our profound urge for Death and Destruction? Could it be that it is now a monster of the deep that may be called and called but will not come?

TV Dreams

Neil Compton

ANYONE who calls himself—or allows himself to be called—a television critic cannot afford to neglect the junk that clutters the commercial network schedules. Pauline Kael's distinction between "good trash" and bad art (in "Trash, Art and the Movies," *Harper's*, February) applies forcefully to a medium whose supreme geniuses aspire to a level of achievement little higher than that of a grade-B movie. I usually resist the temptation to concentrate on "prestige" programs directed at a minority audience, not only because they are not really representative of mainstream television, but also because they are so often ineptly conceived and produced.

However, the present season has compensated us for its general dullness by offering two thoroughly satisfying imaginative productions, a recital by Vladimir Horowitz (CBS, September 15) and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with the Royal Shakespeare Company (CBS, February 9). Peter Hall's production in particular represents such an important development in the art of bringing Shakespeare to a mass audience that I want to devote some space to it before going on to sort out this year's selection of trash.

It is a commonplace that the new media have complicated the problem of preserving and transmitting as anything other than museum pieces the literary and dramatic achievements of the past. The great, long, classic English novels, for instance, now go almost unread except among professional scholars and literature majors. In freshman or sophomore reading lists *Joseph Andrews* is preferred to *Tom Jones*, *Hard Times* to *Great Expectations*, and *Heart of Darkness* to *Nostromo*—not because they are better books but because they are shorter. (Long, difficult poems like *Paradise Lost* suffer a similar fate.) Movies like David Lean's *Great Expectations* or Tony Richardson's *Tom Jones* have their virtues, but they are not in any sense substitutes for the original works.

The classic dramatists, and particularly Shakespeare, suffer in a rather different way. It is theoretically possible to achieve on film or videotape an experience not too remote from that of a live performance, with most of the playwright's lines intact; but in practice very few directors have tried to do it. Most of them implicitly accept the prime dogma of cinematic faith, that film is a visual medium in which the sound track must always be subordinate to the photographic image. Since Shakespeare was an artist who used words to compensate for his theater's lack of visual impact, a conflict between medium and message seems inevitable so long as this principle prevails. Accepting it myself, I always used to tell my students that the better the film the less Shakespearean it is likely to be.

There is plenty of evidence to support this judgment. If we set aside Max Reinhardt's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* of the 30's (with Mickey Rooney as Puck, Joe E. Brown as Bottom, Norma Shearer as Titania) and Zeffirelli's current *Romeo and Juliet* as attacks *on* rather than versions *of* Shakespeare's plays, we have still to explain such more reverent (and therefore more insidious) perversions as the films of Lawrence Olivier: *Henry V* with the politics left out, the death of Falstaff smuggled in, and the camera depicting in literal technicolor what the poet's muse explicitly despairs of describing; or *Hamlet* drastically simplified as the story of "a man who couldn't make up his mind," in a Denmark which contains no Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, nor

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NEIL COMPTON *is our regular television reviewer.*

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even a Fortinbras to serve as a foil for the protagonist and to take over the reins of government at the end of Act V. All these productions suffer in varying degrees from indulgence in vices practiced in their most extreme form by Orson Welles in his Shakespearean films: the unbridled exploitation of bright ideas unwarranted by the text, and the use of a busy camera to distract the audience during "boring" long speeches.

Peter Hall's *Dream* may not win any prizes at film festivals, but it does demonstrate that Shakespeare and the cinema are not so incompatible as some of us once thought. I must emphasize, though, that my reaction is the result of a single viewing on an ordinary black-and-white television set. The London film critics, who witnessed it in color in a conventional theater, have been much less enthusiastic than I am going to be. Perhaps this discrepancy arises because McLuhan is right and television is a less visual medium than cinema. Certainly, Hall, who made the film especially for American TV, seems to have tried to turn the technical limitations of the medium—small screen and low definition—to his own advantage.

THE FILM was shot on location in the house and grounds of a lovely Warwickshire estate, in typically English bad weather (see Titania's speech to Oberon in Act II, Scene 1). The action was allowed to flow naturally from episode to episode with no suggestion that a play was being filmed. Quick cuts made it possible for fairies to appear and disappear, or for the scene to move from one part of the forest to another, with a minimum of fuss. Contrary to popular tradition (perhaps reinforced by Mendelssohn's beautiful but somewhat too ethereal music), *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is not merely a delightful fantasy, but a revelation of "the fierce vexation" of the unconscious. The mysterious wood, the slow-witted rustics, the sensual quarreling fairies, and the obsessively loving and hating humans (elements which tend to be glamorized in conventional productions), are viewed with a matter-of-fact earthy immediacy by the hand-held camera of Peter Saschitzky. Literally earthy, because the lovers are liberally bemired after their night in the wood, while the nearly naked fairies (Titania, played by Judy Dench, must have been quite a sight in living color!) are constantly identified in both word and setting with the rich fertile life of a pastoral landscape.

However, what makes the production great is Hall's respect for the play itself, for the words that Shakespeare wrote. He has subordinated almost everything else—camera work, cutting, business, movement—to the task of getting the lines across. There are very few long shots. After a brief indication of location, the camera moves up close, the speaker's face filling the screen so that he speaks directly to the audience, drawing them into the action. In the cutting room, the rhythm of Shakespeare's verse rather than "camera values" apparently governed the editing of the film. This concentration upon what is being said admittedly inhibited the freedom of movement of both actors and cameramen, a defect which is probably less noticeable on TV than it would be on a large movie screen.

HALL'S *Dream* seems to have held on to a surprising proportion of its Sunday-night audience, in addition to pleasing pedantic purists like me. I couldn't help thinking, though, of how much of the play's range of reference must have been meaningless to many who happened casually to have tuned in. This lack of common experience is the greatest single problem posed by the TV audience. NET sometimes tries to overcome this defect by allowing the public to participate in nightly rehearsals for a few days before the full performance of a classic, a scheme well adapted to the casual, unbuttoned spirit of television. Last November, they presented the Actors' Company in *Twelfth Night,* with Kirk Browning directing and John Russell Brown offering scholarly interpretations. It was very worthwhile, though the production was not in the Royal Shakespeare class. However, it is astonishing enough that CBS should have given Shakespeare and Hall 135 minutes of prime Sunday time. It would be too much to expect rehearsals on the other six evenings!

RUMBLINGS FROM THE executive offices of CBS, ABC, and NBC suggest that there *may* be a change in program policy next autumn—but you can be sure that it won't mean more Shakespeare and the classics. There will be a sharp drop in the violence quotient as new crime series and Westerns are abandoned in favor of more pacific genres. In the meantime, we have the 1968-69 season, and business very much as usual.

The couple of dozen newcomers to prime time last September hardly exploited virgin territory. There were six situation comedies, five crime and adventure series, three variety hours, three Westerns, two science fantasies, two attempts to wed cartoons and live action, and two news magazine features. In their desperate search for profitable formulas, program directors have failed as usual to strike a happy medium between abject imitation and total eccentricity. Among the examples of prudent derivativeness are a devilishly attractive male sprite to join Samantha and Jeannie in the calendar of TV spooks (*The Ghost and Mrs. Muir,* NBC); four more widows and their offspring—if we count Lucille Ball's new show—to swell a list of bereaved families that was already alarmingly long (*Mrs. Muir* again; Doris Day, CBS; *Julia,* NBC; and *Here's Lucy,* CBS) and yet one more conventional police thriller hopefully glamorized by an exotic setting (*Hawaii Five-O,* CBS). Among the surefire losers were the *Don Rickles Show* (ABC) which featured unfunny insults directed at famous people, and *The Ugliest Girl in Town* (ABC) who turned out to be an accidental transvestite. Lacking wit, imagination, and good taste, these programs soon dropped out of sight and out of mind.

This year, the theme of blackness has surfaced all over the weekly schedules. It seems hard to believe that *I Spy,* the pioneer of integrated TV, made its cool and understated point only three seasons ago. Some of the new shows rub our noses in it. *The Outcasts*

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(ABC), for instance, is about a pair of post-Civil-War bounty hunters thrown together by chance—a white Southerner and an ex-slave. They distrust and dislike one another at first, but . . . well you can imagine how the scripts develop. Racial hostility and prejudice play a part in each episode, at least as a sub-theme. Ironically, the black man has finally won his place in the myth of the Western cowboy (if he wants it, which I doubt) just as the networks plan to jettison the whole genre.

A less credible situation is exploited in *Mod Squad* (ABC) in which three fuzz-hating young delinquents find themselves forced into cooperating with the police. The scripts seldom stray too far from the teen scene of drugs and rock. Clarence Williams III, who plays Linc, the black member of the trio, incarnates as much of the menacing image of rebellious youth as the producers dare—particularly his Afro hair style and insolent stare.

Adolescents of all shades probably enjoy such intimations of latent violence, but their parents go for *Julia,* the biggest success among this season's situation comedies. If cops, private eyes, and cowboys are going to be outlawed from the airways (which seems hard to believe), then we may expect to see a lot more heartwarming series like this. Julia is black, a widow and mother, but her problems are very different from those described in the Moynihan Report. Though she lives with her little boy Corey in an otherwise lily-white apartment house, and encounters prejudice at work and near home, she has too much going for her to suffer more than minor inconvenience. She is a nurse and beautiful; her husband died a hero in Vietnam; she is surrounded by overprotective white friends, including surrogate parents in the form of a lovable old grouch of a doctor and his head nurse; and her standard of living and dressing is as mysteriously high as that of any other "sitcom" heroine ostensibly scraping by on a modest income. Most of the threats that she and Corey face turn out to be illusory or based on misunderstanding. Everything always gets settled in time for the final commercials. In a typical episode, Corey gets into a fight with a little white girl who called him "a bad name." When Julia sternly demands, "What name did you call Corey, young lady?" the little girl shamefacedly admits that she ought not to have taunted him for being something that he cannot help. Then she blurts out the insult: Fatso!

It is only too easy to point out the speciousness of this sort of thing, but I doubt whether it does any real harm. If Eldridge Cleaver would no doubt (and rightly) repudiate Julia as a model of black womanhood, Diahann Carroll plays the part with cool dignity, as though she really believes in what she is doing. Certainly, the program provides models of decent behavior for its white viewers—and why shouldn't young black housewives have a Doris Day of their own? Nevertheless, one shudders at the thought of next year's crop of imitations.

Gefilte fish like mother used to make.

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The Short Story

AND OTHER STORIES. By JOHN O'HARA. *Random House. 336 pp. $5.95.*

MOSBY'S MEMOIRS AND OTHER STORIES. By SAUL BELLOW. *Viking. 184 pp. $5.00.*

UNDER THE BOARDWALK. By NORMAN ROSTEN. *Prentice-Hall. 131 pp. $4.95.*

A HOUSE DIVIDED. By SARA. *McGraw-Hill. 227 pp. $5.95.*

THE SEANCE AND OTHER STORIES. By ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 276 pp. $5.95.*

JOURNAL/NOCTURNAL AND SEVEN STORIES. By E. M. BRONER. *Harcourt, Brace & World. 269 pp. $5.95.*

THROUGH THE WILDERNESS AND OTHER STORIES. By DAN JACOBSON. *Macmillan. 214 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by ELIZABETH DALTON

IT IS ALMOST as difficult to generalize about the short story as about the novel, except to say that its shortness offers special possibilities for concentration and intensity. More than any other form, it is suited to the crisis in experience, the turning point, the place at which event, character, and milieu coincide and reveal themselves in a single effect of meaning.

There seems to be no reliable way of making this happen, but one sure way to prevent it from happening is to be garrulous, as John O'Hara is in his new book, *And Other Stories.* The new stories are generally more than twice as long as those in his collections from the 30's and 40's, and the ironies on which O'Hara's short fiction turns—the social and sexual humiliations, the little revelations of private squalor—are simply too thin to support the larger structures.

O'Hara's stories have always depended heavily on dialogue, a rapid-fire of banalities that sounded exactly like people talking; it could discriminate the syntax of the small-town editor from that of the midwestern fraternity boy, the Yale man, or the young executive, and put a whole social and economic history into a fateful mispronunciation. Now the dialogue arrives in page-long expository hunks—the characters talk not to each other, but to the reader, telling him things the writer wants him to know and apparently cannot find another way to convey. O'Hara's people say absolutely everything that comes into their heads; the dialogue has lost its power to suggest the unspoken. Thus the characters seem to have no insides. They are as flat and hard and fully visible as plates, utterly without resonance.

Through the years O'Hara has written again and again a kind of story that might be called the sex surprise, in which the denouement is the revelation that the heroine is sleeping with someone unexpected: her husband's brother or best friend, her best friend's husband, etc. This genre reaches an apotheosis in a short novel in this volume, "A Few Trips and Some Poetry," which follows the sexual history of Isabel Barley from her adolescent petting to her final avatar as an aging dike. The sole interest of the story derives from seeing whom Isabel will connect with next. The heroine in these stories is always "nice"—rich and socially acceptable—and the point of view is usually that of a young man who is shocked and disillusioned. The repetition of the pattern reveals a fascination with the brutal charm of upper-class women, and a deep-seated disbelief that nice girls really do it. "Isabel, how many men have you actually slept with?" the narrator asks, and the fact that the answer is supposed to be engrossing seems touchingly old fashioned.

THE SIX short stories collected from a period of seventeen years in *Mosby's Memoirs,* by Saul Bellow, have the intelligence and oblique comedy of Bellow's novels. Yet taken together they do not make much impact; they seem the work of a mind whose attention has been turned elsewhere during the time they span.

The first story in the book, "Leaving the Yellow House," is about a ratty, cheerful old woman in Utah, tough-talking and frail, who breaks her arm in a drunken accident and must reconcile herself to giving up her only possession, her yellow house. The story captures the terrible tenacity of the old woman, the whole quality of her existence raveling away to emptiness, and yet the subject seems too far from the author really to engage his feelings, or ours. Similarly with "The Old System," whose theme is more Bellow's own. Here a distinguished geneticist, recalling the life-long quarrel between two of his cousins, is prompted to reflect on Jewishness, on the "crude circus" of Jewish feeling that he has rejected for the study of molecular processes. Through his lucid consciousness the events of the story come to us, beautiful, elegiac, and, as in "The Yellow House," rather remote.

In two very funny and charming stories, a familiar Bellow hero appears, the lovable schlemiel with his comic ineptitude and defenselessness screwed up to the pitch of farce. In a third story, "Mosby's Memoirs," the story of the schlemiel, Lustgarten, is told by a man who does everything right, the diplomat Willis Mosby, whose pompous style is unfortunately almost unreadable. All three of these stories convey a feeling of the fundamental oddness of everything, as if human life were only a fleeting smile on the face of Being. The same sense of some irrevocable confusion at the heart of existence comes out in "Looking for Mr. Green," in which George Grebe spends a day trying to deliver a relief check to an elusive, ultimately invisible Negro named Tulliver Green.

ELIZABETH DALTON, *a new contributor, teaches English at Barnard College. She has published fiction in the* New Yorker.

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For all their charm and intelligence, one finishes these stories with rather a blank feeling, a sense of something withheld. What is missing is the charge, the emotional density, that should fill up the shape marked out by the story's idea. One is aware of most of them more as conceptions than as experience.

A REVIEW quoted on the jacket of Norman Rosten's *Under the Boardwalk*, a series of autobiographical sketches dealing with a Coney Island boyhood, claims that it belongs in the tradition of Mark Twain and Sherwood Anderson. This is only too true; Rosten might almost have read the review before writing the book, so thoroughly assimilated is the experience it describes to the conventions of a literary prototype: the story of the boy learning about life. The narrator's childhood self is given glimpses of love and hate, good and evil, passion and pathos, all kept under control by the idea that boys are basically healthy little animals who can't bother their heads too long about these things.

Through a mist of reminiscence come occasional flashes of reality—a sullen and taciturn father, a crazy grandmother, violent family quarrels that must have been terrifying. But the boy's emotions are neatly wrapped up in the Eternal Questions: "O the answers I needed!" he sighs. Ambiguity disappears in a kind of gee-whiz prose, and after each disturbing experience the boy goes back to the boardwalk, to steal pretzels, peek under ladies' dresses, and watch the lights of the ferris wheel, imposing on reality the clichés of snub-nosed freckle-faced boyhood and losing himself in the nostalgia and sentiment that are defenses against true memory and feeling.

THE SENTIMENTALITY that informs most of *A House Divided*, by a writer who calls herself Sara, derives from a different set of clichés. It is a kind of feminine sententiousness that originates in a masochistic version of the white-goddess myth, in which women bear the burden of all the world's loving and suffering and get their principal reward in life from thinking about their role. "Men work, and women weep," says the heroine of the title piece, a short novel about a housewife who goes to a writers' conference to find an identity apart from her wife-and-motherhood and instead has a mental breakdown. This story is, frankly, just awful, beginning with long expository passages about the problems of women and ending in portentous descriptions of states of altered perception—"A luminescent starfish of a sudden glistening thrice enlarged and with a breathing vividness from out the marine patterns of the curtains." The whole exudes the air of improbability that often surrounds stories about events that actually happened. Straining after energy and poetry, the prose piles up participles, knocks out subjects, and suppresses prepositions in the most distressing way: "The car pulled out the drive." In the rest of these stories about hung-up housewives, the syntax is even more manic, at times becoming truly incomprehensible.

The last part of the book consists of four stories about a Jewish family, so much better than the others that they might almost be the work of a different writer. The best of them is the marvelous "So I'm Not Lady Chatterley, So Better I Should Know It Now" (originally published in COMMENTARY), about a young Jewish boy and girl who grimly lose their virginity together before the boy goes off to be killed in the war. Moving and extremely funny, it avoids sentimentality by its refusal to make of the encounter or the characters any more than they are, and by a kind of grittiness of texture, a hard particularity of detail that mercilessly specifies the dismal, urban Jewish milieu. All the bitterness and frustration of being young in that time and place are expressed in its tough, flavorful, elliptical idiom.

THE ADVANTAGES and limitations of working within a well-defined cultural tradition appear in the work of Isaac Bashevis Singer. Except for three moving stories of elderly Jews in America, the best of these being the title piece, all of the stories in *The Seance* are set in the *shtetl*, the Eastern European Jewish

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village, with its dense and brilliantly animated life, its exaggerated types and heightened style. It is an animistic world in which men, beasts, and spirits are made of the same living substance; one of the stories is narrated by a rooster, an articulate wiseacre like Chaucer's Chaunticleer, and another by the Evil One himself. But the fantasy in Singer's tales does not seem naive, because it is so firmly grounded in psychological and social reality. The world of spirit always maintains its connections with the universe of matter, like the dead woman in "The Letter Writer" who appears to her granddaughter in a dream and gives her a recipe for fried chicken. A complex and perverse psychology is taken for granted in these stories, and the writing often conveys the wild energy of obsession and hallucination. This world in which there is a law for everything seems governed, paradoxically, by a kind of indomitable craziness.

Reading these brilliantly colored tales of talking beasts and spirits, one wonders at some point what relation they can have to our lives in the present. The world they describe has been fixed and immobilized by death. Singer's vision of experience comes out of this irretrievable past, and its disadvantage is that it is not likely to change or evolve, but simply to recombine its elements. This is the price paid for the narrative clarity and moral assurance of the stories. But while we read them their integrity commands a total imaginative assent; and the world they celebrate—utterly lost—is in itself infinitely precious and worth preserving.

THE TITLE PIECE in E. M. Broner's first book of fiction, *Journal/Nocturnal*, is a short novel about the day and night sides of its heroine's life. The day side is her children and her husband, a professor and Vietnam war protestor, the night side her affair with her husband's friend, who favors the war. The pages of the novel are divided into two columns, with the journal entries on the left and the nocturnal counterpoint on the right. As the conflict between the two halves of the page intensifies, the night side exerts an increasing pull on the heroine's life. Invaded by darkness and disorder, she has a breakdown, recovers, and then dies, in a symbolic and almost comical way.

The story, which is the best in the book, is formally extremely interesting, using a number of alienating devices to distance and control material that could conceivably, if handled otherwise, have produced the sudsy emotion of Sara's short novel about a woman's breakdown. The language is precise, grave, and rather formal; the division of the page also distances and stylizes, as though the story were looking at itself, with an effect of slight depersonalization, reproducing the heroine's sense of alienation and unreality. At moments of emotional crisis, the language often becomes consciously literary and artificial, and the result is a kind of tense and concentrated elegance of expression.

What is most impressive about "Journal/Nocturnal" is its translation of the public atmosphere generated by the war—the hatred and impotence and poisoned feeling—into a private emotional conflict. The allusions to contemporary events and figures—Saigon and Hue, Fanon and Bly, SDS and Dow Chemical—do not seem modish and reportorial, but rather like gravely approaching heralds of some inevitable disaster.

SOME OF THE stories in Dan Jacobson's *Through the Wilderness* are plainly autobiographical, and the unpretentious first-person narration makes it appear as though understanding what happened to oneself and making a good story of it were the easiest things in the world. In the best of the first-person narratives, the weight of the experience comes to rest on the narrator himself, as in the powerful "Through the Wilderness" (which first appeared in COMMENTARY as "Boaz the Israelite"). Set, like most of Jacobson's stories, in South Africa, it treats the narrator's relationship with an old African named Boaz, the leader of a sect of black Israelites, and through Boaz with his own equivocal Jewishness. The idea of the faith of Israel strangely breathed into these disinherited blacks is ex-

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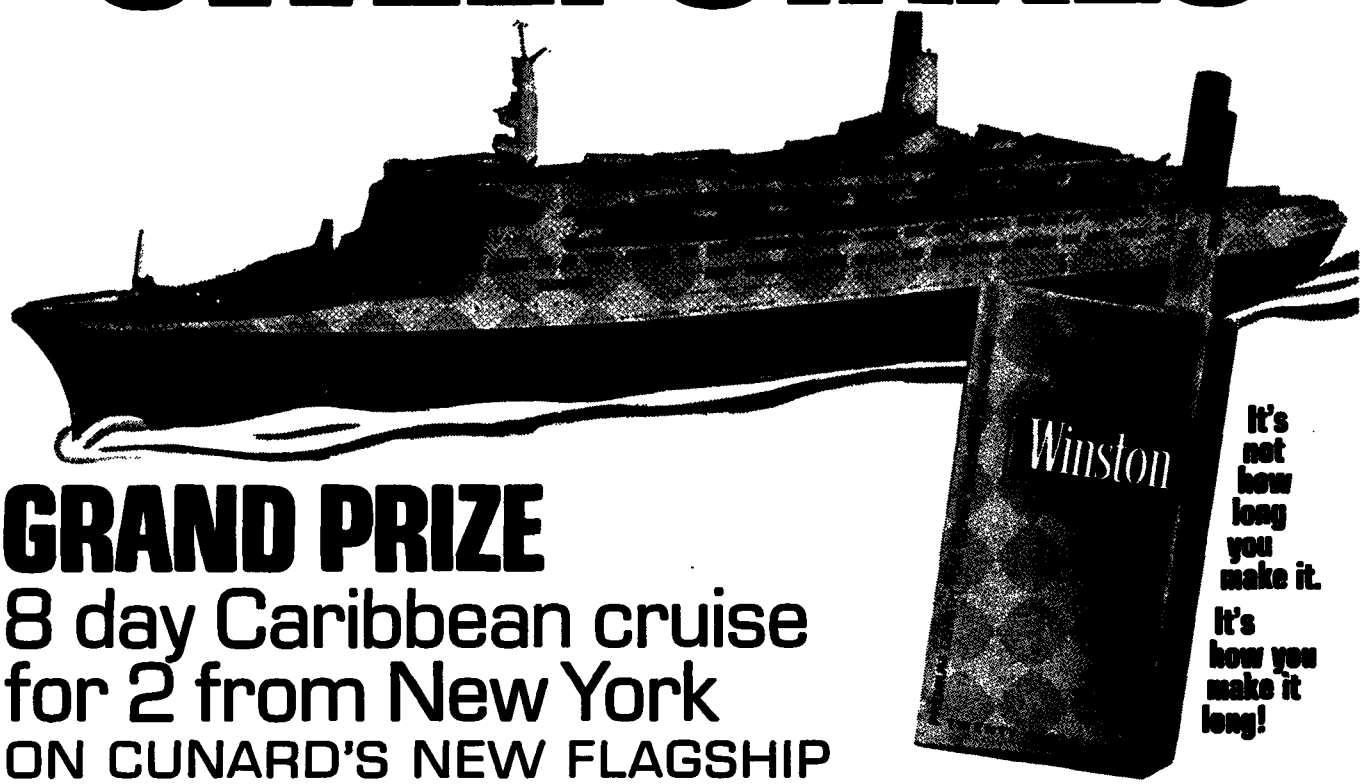

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tremely moving, and so is the fanatical figure of Boaz, with his one yellow eye. All of these stories end in a recognition of moral ambiguity and contradiction, as if the writer had been educated to honesty and humility by the final irreconcilable tragedy of his country.

The freshness of *Through the Wilderness* is not in formal innovation, but in acute moral vision. Like Singer's stories, Jacobson's grow out of a deep moral assurance; like Broner's, they are fully involved in our world. Their literary qualities are finally human virtues as well: intelligence, moral insight, humor, and compassion. And it is these things, after all, that we come to the short story to find.

Advising the President: I

THE PRESIDENT'S MEN. By PATRICK ANDERSON. *Doubleday. 420 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by RALPH K. HUITT

THE PRESIDENT, as Richard Neustadt says in *Presidential Power*, faces "the classic problem of the man on top: how to be on top in fact as well as in name"—in a word, how to secure power for *himself*. For this he must have the help of some people who are absolutely his, whose only question is, "What does the boss want?"

The President, it is true, has at his disposal the vast executive establishment of the federal government, an unequaled repository of information and talent, headed by Presidentially-appointed leaders who in many instances are men of rare ability and undoubted loyalty. Yet these men also have obligations to their agencies, and if the President is not to become a prisoner of the bureaus, he must recognize that their counsel may be tainted with interest. The same may be true of gifted friends outside the government, whose association with him, moreover, the public tends to regard as somehow sinister. Besides, there are nitty-gritty jobs the President cannot assign to outsiders and upon which his effective control of events may depend, jobs which must be given to people who are willing to put their private lives on a contingent basis and do almost literally anything they are asked to do. Modern Presidents, beginning with FDR, have come to rely ever more heavily on the White House staff. Patrick Anderson describes this development by telling the individual stories of the "President's men" (two of whom were women) in the last five administrations. Although he does not provide any analysis of how the staffs functioned, Anderson's vignettes make perfectly clear that each President has chosen and used his men in his own distinctive way.

Franklin Roosevelt surrounded himself with aggressive, often brilliant, men whom he gave a loose rein and much authority (Harry Hopkins actually ran the emergency relief program and lend-lease). He encouraged competition among them, supported those who succeeded, and eased out the man who became a liability. Roosevelt understood and acted on the harsh principle that loyalty at the top is one way.

Not so Harry Truman, who carried personal loyalty to the point of self-destruction. Most of his men were small and vulgar rather than bad, but no amount of affection for their chief could compensate for their limitations. Truman had the virtues appropriate respectively to the political leader and to the private man, but he did not always know when to apply which. The man who could decide to bomb Hiroshima and sleep soundly that night could not bring himself to kick out the cronies who discredited his administration.

General Eisenhower was a chief-of-staff. He wanted tight organization and one-page briefs of problems with recommended solutions. Because he wanted help he got it, especially from Sherman Adams and Jim Hagerty, each an exceptional man with extraordinary freedom to act. Adams improved the Presidential performance and Hagerty made it appear better than it was.

RALPH K. HUITT, *a new contributor, was formerly assistant secretary in the department of Health, Education, and Welfare and is currently with The Brookings Institution.*

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ALL THIS is recent, but history just the same, and Anderson has provided a recapitulation, apparently taken from secondary sources. The last two administrations, on the other hand, are another and harder matter. Anderson is required to assess living, active men, some of whom may have more ahead of than behind them. The chapters on the Kennedy and Johnson terms, therefore, seem in many ways to be the least satisfactory, though perhaps the most interesting.

Anderson treats John F. Kennedy with respect but not adulation, and his insights are shrewd and provocative. Kennedy's staff, he makes clear, was not the "band of brothers" they were represented to be—indeed they were often suspicious and competitive to the point of hostility—but they shared a fierce loyalty to their chief. Among them they played a remarkable variety of complementary roles: Sorsensen, the alter ego; O'Brien, the virtuoso of political organization; O'Donnell, the sleepless guardian; Schlesinger, the authorized interpreter of the record.

My own judgment, admittedly not disinterested, is that the author would have done well to stop there, perhaps adding his glowing account of Bill Moyers (the longest in the book) as a postscript. He acknowledges the capacity of the other Johnson men, but is uneven in his assessment and treatment of them. Joe Califano, for example, is presented chiefly through a rather wooden case-history of the establishment of the Department of Transportation. And, of course, the stereotype of Lyndon Johnson is faithfully reproduced, bull-whip and all. But, in fairness to Anderson, it must be pointed out that this book was written while Johnson was still in the White House.

Thus, depending on how he conceives of his office and depending too on the requirements on his own personality, the President chooses his men: one staffer may be a distinguished person in his own right, another kept around because the Chief needs someone who truly loves him or can make him laugh. Those who win in the struggle to be close to the President inevitably reflect *him*; they have learned to think and work

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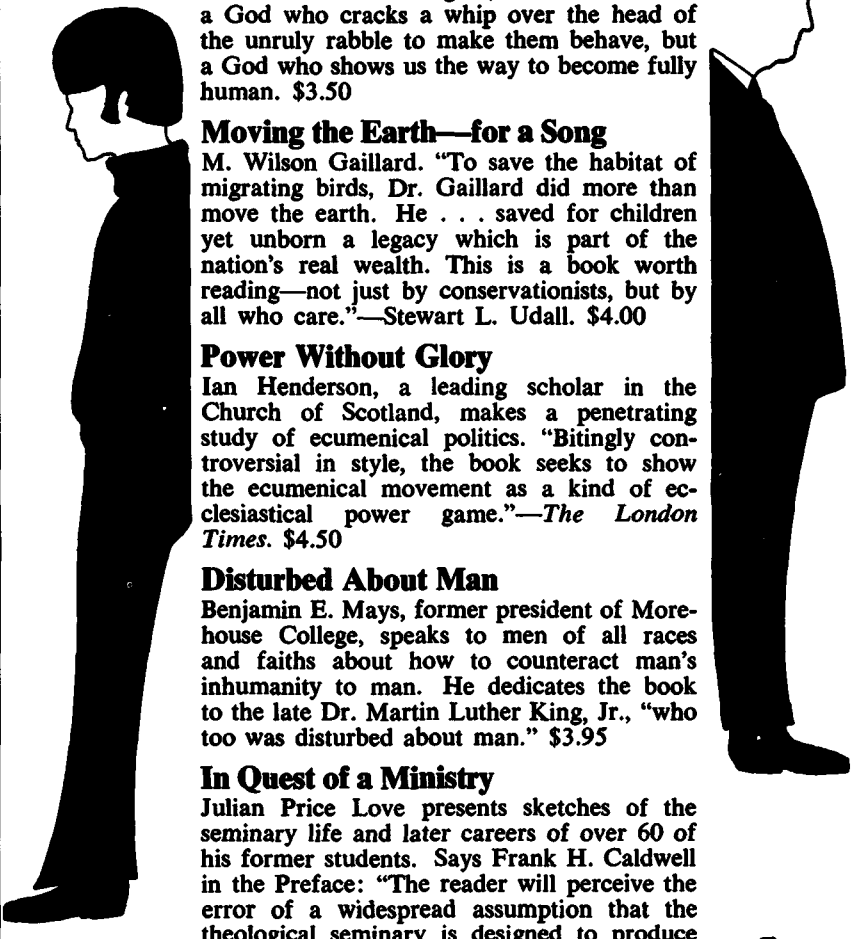

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his way. They are part of the personal, not the institutional, President and so their power, which may be substantial, is derivative and transitory.

What do they do, these satellites who share on a provisional basis the excitement and power of the Presidency?

Among them, they ride herd on the agencies, trying to put the Presidential stamp on what is done. They screen legislative proposals from many sources, producing finally a Presidential program, then coach the "Presidential lobbyists" in the agencies who try to get the bills passed. They write speeches, live with the press, draft background papers, and do chores, some delicate and important, which the President does not want or have time to do. Their jobs may be neatly delegated by the President or assigned apparently by whim. One may advise the President on bombing Russian missile sites in Cuba; another may guard reserved chairs at a White House bill-signing. They are extensions of the President; they do his work.

IN RETROSPECT, the proliferation of a personal staff for the President in a vastly expanded government would seem to be an inevitable development; indeed, the same thing on a smaller scale has been going on in Congress since 1946. Needless to say, this development, like any other redistribution of power, has created problems. Many cabinet members—and lesser officers as well—have seen the special assistants as rivals with an inside track. They feel demeaned when they must deal with staff rather than the President. Because the President's men tend to be young, with little previous experience in large adventures, their policy-making competence also comes into question. (Bill Moyers quotes President Johnson as saying, "I'll get my advice from the older men and my action from the younger men." But advice flows from action, and besides, the younger men screen much of the advice that gets to the President.) Beyond that, the White House provides a heady climate, shut off from the bruises of the world, for men who, unlike the President, have no constituents to please. Their opportunity to correct Presidential misapprehensions is perforce limited. Be that as it may, the President needs them and their tribe will increase.

Advising the President: II

THE TRAGEDY OF LYNDON JOHNSON. By ERIC F. GOLDMAN. *Alfred A. Knopf. 531 pp. $8.95.*

Reviewed by WALTER GOODMAN

TOWARD the end of his intermittently interesting book about the first three years of the Johnson administration, Eric F. Goldman comes to have "sizable doubts about the whole conception of the position of White House 'intellectual-in-residence.'" By this point, the reader will have conceived some doubts of his own, at least regarding the relationship that obtained between President Johnson and Professor Goldman.

The young tradition of intellectual-in-residence was established by Arthur Schlesinger during the administration of John F. Kennedy; there the resemblance to Eric Goldman's experience begins and ends. Kennedy was nicely attuned to vibrations from the intellectual orchestra; Johnson had no ear for such music. Schlesinger was politically knowing; Goldman had almost no acquaintance with official Washington. In Johnson's mind, evidently, the intellectual-in-residence, with no political base or strengths of his own, was to serve as a second-string envoy, bearing the philosophy of "consensus" to a deeply distrusted and somewhat mystifying group located mainly on college campuses and around the West Side of New York City. Since Goldman was without political obligations or aspirations, there was a limit to how much pushing around he had to take, and that put a strain on LBJ's temper. Goldman appears to have owed his appointment to the celebrity he won as host on a TV panel show and to *Rendezvous*

WALTER GOODMAN's *most recent book is* The Committee, *a study of the House Un-American Activities Committee.*

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with Destiny, his book about the Roosevelt period. Johnson seems to have wanted Goldman to sell him as another FDR, but made it clear from the start that Goldman was not to fancy himself another Arthur Schlesinger.

Eric Goldman was Special Consultant to the President for thirty-three months, from December 1963 to September 1966. He arrived with somewhat innocent hopes and left more sad than bitter. He was never one of the White House's West Wing insiders like Walter Jenkins or Bill Moyers or Jack Valenti, but he was close to the action, and his book has the disabilities as well as the advantages of being an inside report by an outsider. No revelations explode from these pages—the recounting of LBJ's legislative accomplishments of 1964 and the maneuverings of that year's conventions and election campaigns might have been written (in fact *have* been written) by persons considerably farther from the scene. But his portrait of Johnson is honest and discerning; Goldman is neither sycophant nor slanderer, though his prose sometimes makes him seem more simpleminded than he can possibly be. Discussing what he calls LBJ's "acts of noblesse oblige," he writes, "When another assistant was celebrating his wedding anniversary, two unexpected guests arrived: a beaming President of the United States and the First Lady carrying a touching gift."

GOLDMAN'S JOHNSON is intelligent, manipulative, overbearing, cornball, thin-skinned, mistrustful, secretive, vain, devious, dishonest, competitive, and something of an idealist. All these characteristics have been noted and remarked on elsewhere, but Goldman manages to make of them a living man. He is helped by a number of selected vignettes—Johnson's furious efforts at mediation during the 1964 railroad strike; and by an occasional fresh incident—the President delivering a monologue one night to a few associates to the effect that several of the Senators who opposed his Vietnam adventure were getting guidance and instruction from the So-

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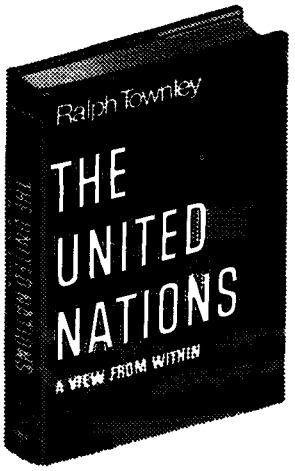

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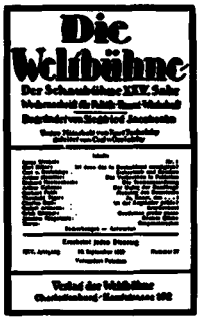

Weimar Germany's Left-Wing Intellectuals
A Political History
of the *Weltbühne* and Its Circle
Istvan Deak

The Germany between the two world wars, which produced some of the greatest literary lights of the century, also produced a forum worthy of them: the brilliantly edited, crusading, left-oriented (but not party-affiliated) *Weltbühne*. The present book tells the history of this weekly Berlin journal, discusses the men that ran it and wrote it, and outlines the causes for which it fought.

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viet embassy. (We are also indebted to Goldman for a priceless moment with Everett Dirksen. Following the passage of the civil-rights bill, which after his customary meanderings the Senate Minority Leader effectively supported, Goldman offered congratulations. Dirksen replied: "Nothing, nothing at all to my credit. I simply glimpsed duty and followed its inexorable path.") Unfortunately, Goldman cannot let his portrait of the President alone; he must take the extra step into psychoanalysis—and, inevitably, Lyndon Johnson turns out to have been "lashed by his insecurity."

Now, what was a professor from Princeton University and the National Broadcasting System to do for the politician from Johnson City, Texas, and the Senate cloakroom? When he resigned, Goldman, a man seemingly slow to anger, was incensed at the effort by Bill Moyers to minimize his past services, but on the basis of his own testimony those services were at best marginal. He refers to special projects, too confidential to be written of even now, which he undertook for the White House, but the main substantive accomplishment for which he claims credit was the idea for a Presidential Commission to study the draft. (The Commission in fact made some sensible proposals, which Congress managed to ignore when it renewed the Selective Service law in 1967.) For the most part Goldman seems to have busied himself in trying to educate an administration that had other things on its mind. He wrote long memos, in primer style, on the rise of the Metroamerican—a term that refers to us sophisticated, enlightened city dwellers and which, God help us, will probably be picked up by *Time* magazine and implanted into the American language—and other subjects that would have tried the patience of more patient men than Lyndon Johnson. He wrote speeches—one of his assignments being to do up a talk for the President on famous events that had taken place in specific rooms of the White House. He served as a Master of Revels, bringing students, scholars, and writers—LBJ's "quiet braintrust," exceedingly quiet—to Washington for conferences and ceremonies marking such occasions as the 175th anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington and the bicentennial of the American Revolution. His career in this line reached its disorderly climax at the White House Festival of the Arts in 1965, where John Hersey pointedly read an excerpt from *Hiroshima* and Dwight Macdonald ran about collecting anti-Vietnam signatures, and which Robert Lowell, amid public commotion, refused to attend at all. And he helped Ladybird in the various odd jobs that served to keep her occupied in Washington. He evidently liked Mrs. Johnson a lot and gives her the benefit of a thoroughly embarrassing chapter, suitable for any ladies magazine: "To such a young woman anything might happen, and it promptly did."

The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson will do nothing for Eric Goldman's reputation either among politicians or among intellectuals. The political pros can only mark him down as yet another book-writing dilettante; they do not make nice distinctions between one professor's books and another's. And there will be a tendency among the intelligentsia to conclude, not without relish, that Goldman only suffered the humiliation due to anyone who allows himself to be co-opted by the enemy; they will no doubt find confirmation of their judgment in the quality of his writing. (We can look forward in the coming months to fearsome attacks on Daniel Patrick Moynihan, delivered from one sanctuary or another, for taking a job with the abominable Nixon.) The problem is that the enemy referred to in Goldman's case (as in Moynihan's) is the President, and there is something to be said for the proposition that when the President calls, one is obliged to respond—not alone by the requirements of citizenship but by the possibility that one's principles may thereby be advanced. Eric Goldman's interlude at the White House was not a success; given his own political innocence, the character of Lyndon Johnson, the arti-

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ficiality of his role and the famous gap between the politician's instinctive approach to problems and that of the college professor, there was no way it could be a success. (Moynihan has the advantage of being a specialist in an area that desperately needs expert attention; it does not matter in this relationship that Richard Nixon may not have rapport with the nation's professors.) Whatever prompted Eric Goldman to accept his summons to Washington—idealism, careerism, curiosity—the act itself was not dishonorable. He tried. He failed—or, more fairly, the arrangement was programmed for failure. His experience is cautionary, but special; the uses of the intellectual-in-residence are open to further exploration.

Up From Liverpool

THE BEATLES: THE AUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY. By HUNTER DAVIES. *McGraw-Hill. 357 pp. $6.95.*

THE BEATLES: THE REAL STORY. By JULIUS FAST. *Putnam. 252 pp. $5.95.*

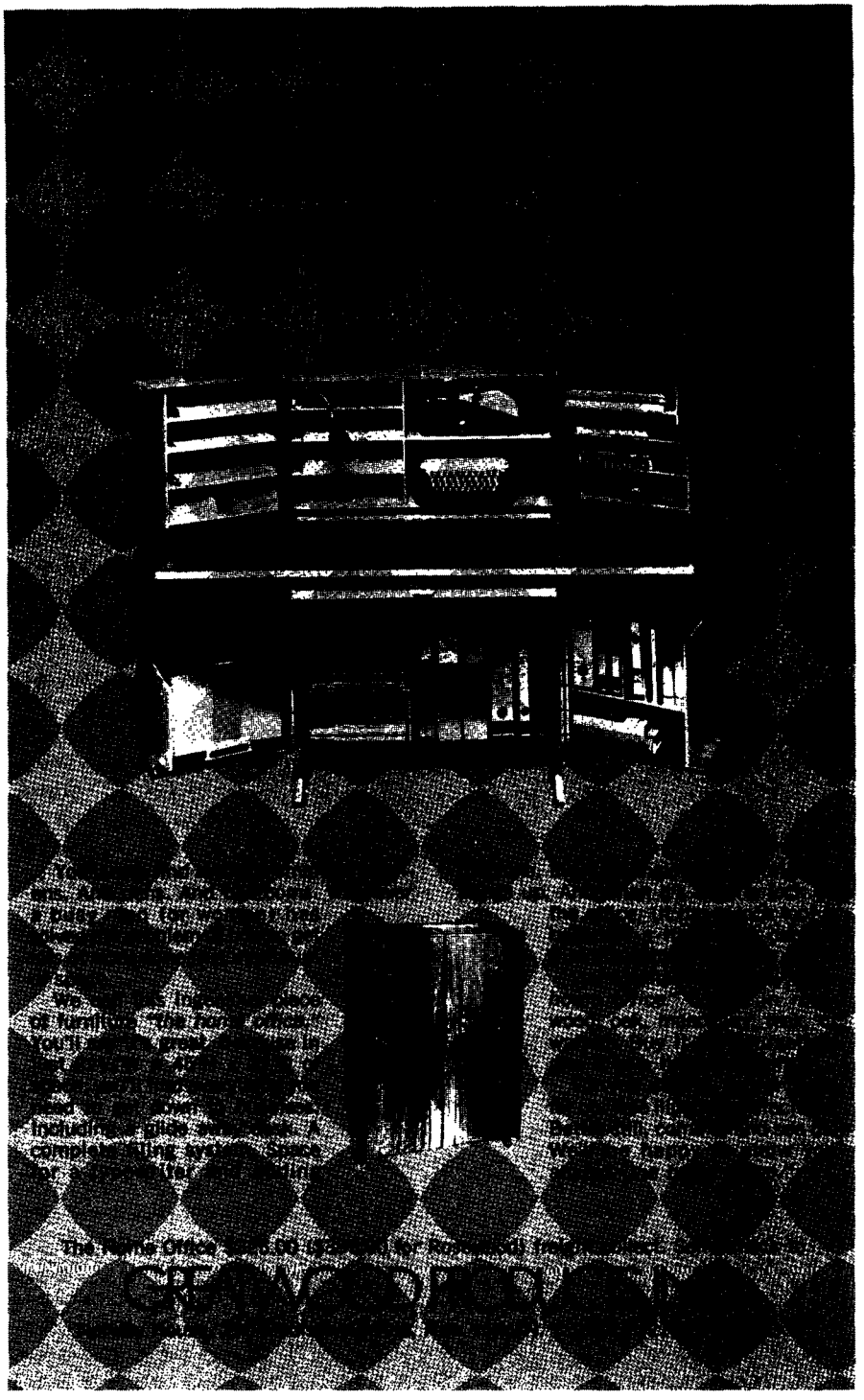
THE BEATLES. By ANTHONY SCADUTO. *New American Library. 160 pp. 75¢.*

THE BEATLES BOOK. Edited by EDWARD E. DAVIS. *Cowles. 213 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by HEYWOOD GOULD

POPULAR ARTISTS communicate on the same level to everyone, teenager and intellectual alike. The Beatles, like Chaplin, strike a universal chord in their listeners. Everybody cries at the end of *City Lights*, and everybody is mildly exalted by *Sgt. Pepper*. Thus, it isn't particularly necessary to understand John Lennon and Paul McCartney's songs to enjoy their work. The psychedelic love messages are not the key to their success; if they were, then the thousands of groups who sing of nothing else would be equally successful. Nor is their charisma explained by analyzing the needs of their audience. A charismatic figure is not summoned, he just arrives.

HEYWOOD GOULD, *a new contributor, is a young writer living in New York City.*



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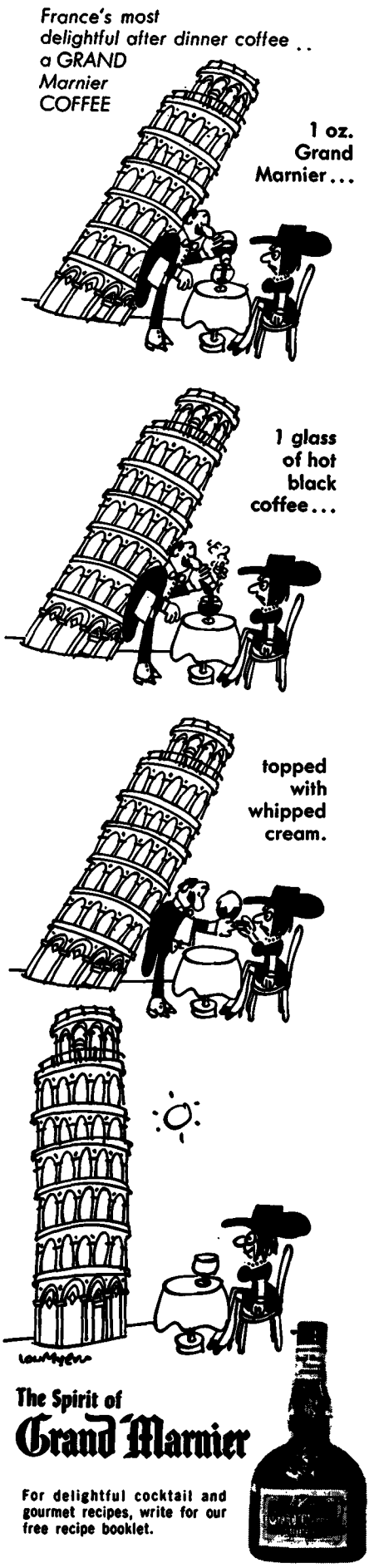

The Beatles just arrived. Their art was pervasive and perfect. Their appeal was such that millions of people lived vicariously through their successes and disappointments. Intellectuals, who tend to forget that they share a sensibility with non-intellectuals, were puzzled by their reaction to the Beatles; there had to be something more there than met the eye. There wasn't.

HUNTER DAVIES's authorized biography makes it possible to discuss the Beatles in a fashion that lies somewhere between the newspaper rating system (four stars to no stars, a hit or a miss), and the inappropriate theorizing of the intellectuals. Davies, a novelist and a feature writer for the London *Times*, spent a great deal of time with his four subjects, their associates, family, and friends. His book contains exhaustive but constantly interesting biographical detail about the Beatles. We learn that their young lives have been inordinately haunted by separation and death. Paul's mother died of cancer when he was thirteen. John's father left home during the war and never returned. His mother, whom he adored despite the fact that she abandoned him to live with another man, died in an automobile accident when he was fifteen. Stu Sutcliffe, one of the original Beatles, died of a brain disease in 1962, a year after he had left the group. And Brian Epstein, who discovered the Beatles, died of barbiturate poisoning in 1967.

Davies tracked down the Beatles' errant fathers. Ringo's, who left home when his son was three, was remarried and slightly penitent, but hadn't yet contacted his son, and didn't plan to now. John's father, a charming, Liverpudlian Harold Skimpole, had no regrets over having abandoned his family. He sought a belated reconciliation with his son, making no secret of the reason why. But even when the door to John's suburban mansion was slammed resoundingly in his face, he remained the imperturbable dandy, giving a tug to his rakish bow tie and telling reporters: "I know John has a horror of old age. But tell him for me. I'm younger than he is." And adding that his son had let him down by accepting the MBE: "I wouldn't have done it. Royalty can't buy me."

DAVIES HAS thoroughly demolished much of the Beatle mythology, not as a debunker, but as a journalist setting the record straight. The name "Beatles," he tells us, was conceived in emulation of an American group, the "Crickets"; the insertion of the letter "a" was a typical Lennon afterthought, the kind that gives dubious symbolic resonance to many of his songs. Their famous hairstyles were forced on them by a girlfriend in Hamburg (they preferred their Presley pompadours) in emulation of the French student cut.

As to the watershed songs, most of them turn out to have mundane sources. "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" is based on a drawing done by Lennon's son. The lyrics to "Mr. Kite" were lifted from a circus poster. "Good Morning, Good Morning" was inspired by an early-morning TV jingle. "Martha" is about the unsanitary habits of Paul McCartney's dog Martha ("Hold out your hand you silly girl/Look what you've done/ When you find yourself in the thick of it/ Help yourself to a bit of what is all around you"). The Beatles themselves seem singularly unimpressed by their work. George Harrison is convinced that they still haven't written a good song. John Lennon disparages their work in the light of its conception:

> I suppose I'm so indifferent about our music because other people take it so seriously. It can be pleasing in a way, but most of it gets my back up. . . . We know we're conning them [their audience] because we know people want to be conned. . . . Let's stick that in there, we say, that'll start them puzzling. I'm sure all artists do when they know it's a con. I bet Picasso sticks things in. I bet he's been laughing his balls off for eighty years. . . . Beethoven is a con, just like we are now. He was just knocking out a bit of work, that was all.
>
> People think the Beatles know what's going on. We don't. We're just doing it. People want to

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know what the inner meaning of "Mr. Kite" was. There wasn't any. I just did it. I shoved a lot of words together, then shoved some noise on. I didn't dig that song when I wrote it. I didn't believe it when I was doing it. But nobody will believe it. They don't want to. . . . They want it to be important.

Thus an artist despairs over his inadequacies. And the Beatles are artists. It is to Davies's credit that he shows them thinking and working as artists without interrupting his exposition to lecture on the combined influence on the group of Stockhausen, the Everly Brothers, and the English Music Hall.

THE BEST chapters in the book deal with the Beatles' composing and recording of their last three albums. They were among the first to spend days recording one song. They do hundreds of takes, agonizing over chords and syllables. They use the recording studio like a film editing room, mixing, adding and subtracting, transposing footage and putting in effects to approximate the sound they carry around in their heads. Like most artists, the best they ever achieve is an approximation of the original concept. And like all artists, that is not enough for them.

Less than a year after publication, Davies's book is outdated, through no fault of his own. When he left the Beatles, they were determined never to appear in public again. Now, we read in the newspapers that they are contemplating doing a series of free concerts in America. He left them serene in their domesticity: four English mates living quiet, normal lives. Shortly afterward, John left his wife and took up with a Japanese sculptress ten years his senior with whom he poses nude and plants trees. "Apple," the group's corporation, has produced the cartoon feature, *Yellow Submarine*, a glimpse of how the other half will live in 2000, in which eighty minutes of animation effects do not match the magic provided by the actual presence of the Beatles in the film's last moments. Another Apple venture, a hip haberdashery in London, became such a bour-

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geois millstone to the Beatles that they closed it down and gave away its entire inventory free of charge—an act that seemed to engender more venom in the British business community than all of their assaults on the Establishment combined.

JULIUS FAST and Anthony Scaduto have written biographies that are quick, journalistic treatments of the Beatle phenomenon. Fast offers two hundred-odd pages of entertaining liner-note panegyrics, interspersed with frequent yawns and occasional inaccuracies. Scaduto has written a lively paperback update of the Fast and Davies books with some new information about the sources of the Beatle songs, an area that threatens to become a discipline unto itself. His book is the most current of the three, but already the press of events has begun to render it, too, obsolete.

Beatle criticism would seem to have an even shorter, more precarious existence than Beatle biography. *The Beatles Book*—consisting of fourteen essays critical, discursive, and apocalyptic—reveals the desperate self-consciousness of everyone, young or old, who tries to write about the pop phenomenon.

POP JOURNALISTS seem to fall into two categories: those who employ irrelevant erudition in an effort to raise the subject to their own level; and those special pleaders who use the subject as a springboard for a discussion of whatever noble cause occupies them at the moment.

In the former category *The Beatles Book* offers Ned Rorem, who hails the Beatles as the progenitors of a "new and golden renaissance of song," and compares their work with that of "composers from the great eras of song: Monteverdi, Schumann, Poulenc." Rorem has masterfully worked out concatenations between the Beatles and a wide, dissimilar variety of serious composers. One of their songs is "a mazurka equal in melancholy and melodic distinction to any of Chopin's." Another "has the freedom of Hindemith (which is really Bach without the working out of problems presented by the rigors of 18th-century part writing)." A third is "Vaughan Williams with a bebop superimposition." One wonders if Rorem agrees with John Lennon that "Beethoven is a con, just like we are now."

Richard Poirier calls for a new, capable criticism of "film and song," in the manner of "Stark Young's dramatic criticism, or Bernard Haggin's writing about classical music and jazz, or Edwin Denby and more recently Robert Garis on ballet." He claims that there are hidden riches in some Beatles songs that young people couldn't possibly discover. (Don't trust anyone under thirty?) He contributes a close, textual analysis of some of these songs that emerges as academic self-parody. One can pardon his enthusiasm in suggesting that George Harrison's sitar obbligato on "Baby You're a Rich Man," evokes an India "of fabulous riches, the India of the British and their Maharajahs, a place for exotic travel, but also for josh [sic] sticks and the otherwordliness of a trip." But when he mistakenly identifies Paul McCartney as the principal singer on "A Day in the Life," one realizes that the intense critical rhetoric of his article is a smokescreen, not an illumination of the subject.

THE OTHER contributors to *The Beatles Book* are familiar names with familiar causes. Dr. Timothy Leary reports that he had a *satori* about the Beatles. William Buckley minces heavyfootedly through his usual forgettable acidulations. Nat Hentoff, an inelegant publicist at the other end of the continuum, contributes a tedious abstract of the observations of his fellow-abstracters. Larry Neal, a black writer who seems disturbed by his ambivalent reaction to the Beatles, goes to great lengths to condemn the pallid eclecticism of white culture as opposed to the dark purity of the black, yet somehow exempts the Beatles from his animadversions and ends by saying, "The Beatles are OK I suppose. I mean we could care less. They just bees in another bag, that's all." The rest of the book is devoted to the Beatles' psychedelic-guru-millionaire-poet-mirror-of-the-times aspect.

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BUT NO ONE will succeed in defining the Beatles artistically or existentially without recognizing that, quite simply, they created it all. Five scant years ago, Ned Rorem and Richard Poirier were laboring worthily in their own vineyards, Nat Hentoff was a jazz critic, and the legion of incipient youth journalists were still reading Salinger and listening to Ornette Coleman. Then, in 1964, a few months after their record "I Want to Hold Your Hand" became number one in the U.S., the Beatles arrived to appear on the Ed Sullivan show. There was a riot at the airport. There were screams in front of the Plaza. Sullivan, that canny old kingmaker, said the Beatles were "real nice boys," and there was no stopping them.

The Beatles created Rock culture, and with it the pop sensibility that has since engulfed us all. No one had ever thought of writing seriously about Sinatra or Presley but critics and journalists of every stripe have had something to say about the Beatles. Because of them, a sub-culture has sprung up composed of explicators, imitators, journalists, artists, musicians, drop-outs, and hangers on.

While all this has been happening the Beatles' music itself has deepened to the point where it now requires several hearings before it can be fully appreciated. Their new album has seemed to many to be nothing but a collection of virtuoso parodies of rock styles, with very little significance of its own. But though some of the songs are boring, and one, John Lennon's "Revolution No. 9," is unlistenable to, the ecstasy, the infectious optimism, and the gentle wit that inform their best work are still there. Of their thousands of epigones, with the exception of their virtuoso contemporaries the Rolling Stones, no other group has produced an album worth listening to. Tuneful singles by the score, but not one album. The Beatles are great songwriters. Like the Gershwins and Rodgers and Hart, their work doesn't date; it promises to survive everything, including their own cult of personality.

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A Balanced View

AFTER THE TRADITION. By ROBERT ALTER. *Dutton. 256 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by JOHN GROSS

BY TAKING as his major theme modern Jewish writing—and in this context modern also generally implies, to use his own term, "post-traditional"—Robert Alter has staked out a difficult course for himself. All the anomalies and ambiguities of contemporary Jewish life, all the ragged edges and disputed definitions, become that much more problematic when they are translated into the realm of imaginative literature, where good intentions are not enough and where individual gifts are scattered too arbitrarily to fall into neat sociological patterns. Under the circumstances, a critic, over and above the ordinary skills of his craft, needs to be able to draw on exceptional reserves of cultural tact and cultural agility. There is very little he can take for granted, either about the boundaries of his subject, or the nature of his audience, or the whole propriety of discussing authors in terms of their racial and religious origins. And if he is an American, especially, there is the added complication of Jewishness, in one shape or another, as part of the current *Zeitgeist* —of having to contend with *Fiddler on the Roof* and Fiedler on the raft and a whole elaborate range of neo-Jewish artifacts, some genuine and valuable, many spurious. It's a complex fate, being an American Jewish literary critic, and one which can hardly be said to have grown any less complex in recent years.

All the more reason, then, for welcoming Mr. Alter's essays, which are distinguished by their clarity, sober intelligence, and sureness of touch. It is a relief, for a start, to find a critic dealing so firmly with the fashion for sentimental misrepresentations of Jewish experience (though I wish he would say something more about the kind of ignorant satire which is the other side of the coin). Without losing his temper or jeering at honest confusion, Mr. Alter makes short work of what he calls the "tacit conspiracy afoot in recent years to foist on the American public as peculiarly Jewish various admired characteristics which in fact belong to the common humanity of us all." You don't have to be Jewish to enjoy an option on pathos, compassion, moral fervor, and so forth, any more than you do in order to qualify as a picaresque buffoon or an eternal outsider. Mr. Alter is rewarding, too, on the subject of critics who talk gaily about the "talmudic" qualities of Kafka's prose without giving any sign that they know the difference between an *aleph* and a *bet,* and on novelists whose acquaintance with classical Jewish tradition bears about as much relation to the real thing as "When Irish Eyes are Smiling" does to the collected poems of W. B. Yeats, but whose books are nevertheless somehow supposed to be replete with ancestral Jewish wisdom.

ALL THIS is simply by way of useful preliminary housecleaning, however. Its real importance is that it leads to a number of penetrating and closely-argued attempts to ascertain how far it is profitable to look for a specifically Jewish element in the work of various well-known "post-traditional" Jewish authors, and what exactly in each case such an element signifies. As far as American literature goes that means, fairly predictably, essays on Bellow and Malamud. (Who was it who first said that by the time the critics have finished bundling these two together they will start sounding as much of a literary pantomime-horse as the Chesterbelloc?) Be that as it may, Mr. Alter's observations are fresh and to the point. They also show how hard it is to reduce Jewishness (of the serious variety) to any clear-cut formula. The Jewish aspects of *Herzog,* for instance, are chiefly associated by Mr. Alter with that novel's exuberant reassertion of faith in life's possibilities, with the author's "dissent from modernism" and more specifically from "the cheap mental stimulants of Alienation." By con-

JOHN GROSS, *the well-known English critic, is presently teaching at Rutgers.*

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trast Malamud's Jews are seen as characteristically hemmed in or imprisoned; as much embodied metaphors as genre studies, they symbolize the confining conditions of life in general, and beyond that the inescapable necessity of moral involvement. In both cases Mr. Alter takes care not to equate the use of distinctively Jewish idiom, social setting, and decor with the presence of moral and psychological qualities which may—on occasion—be heightened by Jewish historical experience. He proves equally scrupulous and tentative in his treatment of Kafka, while even in the case of those modern Hebrew writers like Bialik and Agnon who obviously derive a great deal of their imaginative strength from the world of traditional Judaism, he makes clear how much ambivalence there can be toward the orthodoxies of the past.

AT THE SAME TIME there is very little to be gained in discussing the aftermath of a tradition unless you have some idea of what that tradition was in the first place, and one of the impressive things about Mr. Alter is that he clearly writes out of a deep and intimate sense of Jewish history. Too deep and intimate, in fact, to allow him to speak of a single monolithic tradition where in reality there were a cluster of traditions, interrelated but often antagonistic and varying in relative importance from place to place and from period to period. Yet while he takes due account of the mystical, apocalyptic, and Dionysian elements in Judaism, in his own way he registers a dissent from the modernism which treats those cross-currents as the mainstream; and although he rejects the idea of a straightforward normative Judaism as an invention of the apologists, he constantly implies that there *is* a mainstream—the one which sets law above lore, and this-worldly conduct above other-worldly speculation. Having barely trailed my toes in the sea of the Talmud, if that, I am perhaps in no position to speak, but on the strength of hearsay, at least, it seems to me that he is right, and that in particular his two fine essays on Sabbatai Zevi and on "the apocalyptic temper" ought to act as a powerful corrective to some current misconceptions. To put the matter at its simplest, one can see readily enough why movements like Sabbatianism and Hasidism should exercise more fascination than rabbinic scholarship over a modern intellectual reared on Blake and Dostoevsky, but there is something askew about a version of Jewish history which places Sabbatai Zevi and the Baal Shem Tov closer to the center than, shall we say, the Vilna Gaon.

ROUGHLY HALF the pieces in *After the Tradition* deal with aspects of Israeli literature, ranging from the reverberations of the Nazi catastrophe in recent Israeli fiction to the quasi-official "kidnapping" of Bialik and Tchernichovsky in the interests of one-track patriotic mythology. Here Mr. Alter shows himself adept at what he once described in an article on Maurice Samuel (unfortunately not included in this collection) as "the difficult art of cultural transcription"—a necessary art, too, since however deep the emotional involvement of Western Jews with Israel, it is no use pretending that they don't often find Israeli culture remote and not immediately congenial. Possibly Mr. Alter is a little too enthusiastic about wishing "a wide range of alert critical activity" upon the Israelis; it may be that any gains in this direction would be offset by a diminution of the widespread popular interest in poetry in Israel which he rightly finds so remarkable. But every shoemaker knows there's nothing like leather, and critics tend to feel the same way about criticism.

If I have a complaint against *After the Tradition* it is that all too often, working within the confines of a single essay, Mr. Alter lacks elbowroom. He needs more space to develop his ideas, and I hope that he decides to devote a full-length book to some of the themes which he can do little more than glance at here. Above all, he possesses, as far as I can judge, the first requisite of a good critic: he gets things right. And that, in a field and at a time in which there are so many ways of getting things wrong, is something for which to feel especially grateful.

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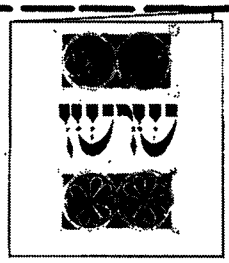

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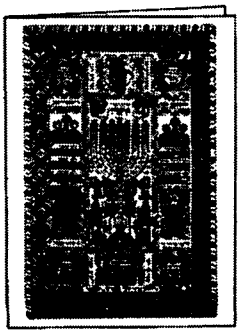

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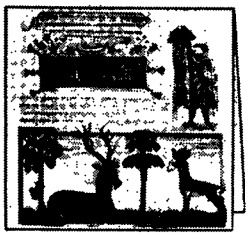

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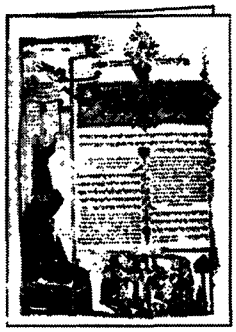

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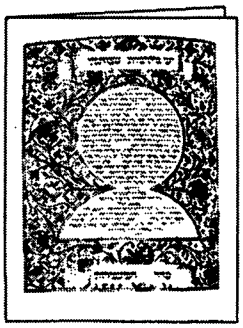

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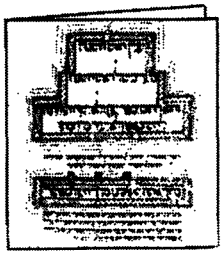

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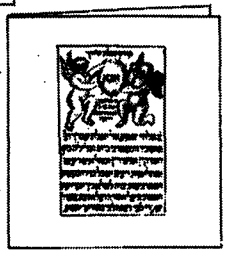

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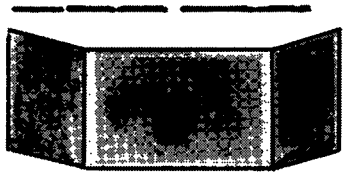

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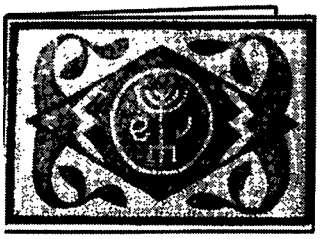

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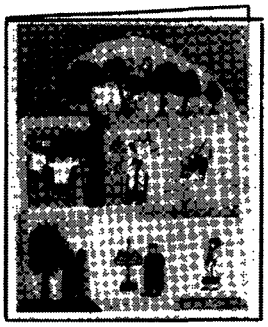

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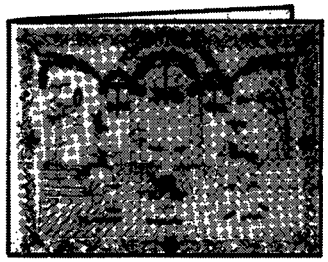

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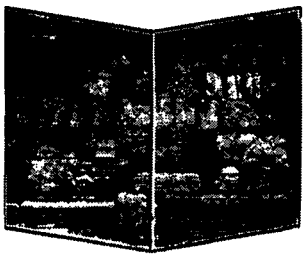

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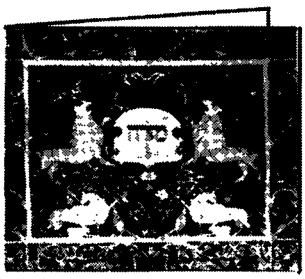

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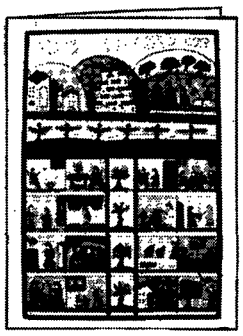

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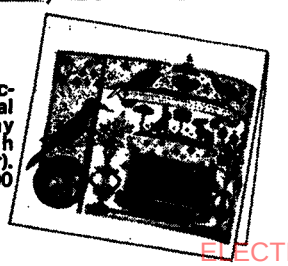

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Municipal	159,273,614
Other	4,847,986
	$ 307,527,276
Loans	1,086,466,043
Direct lease financing	10,811,737
Bank premises and equipment, at cost, less accumulated depreciation	22,785,511
Customers' liability on acceptances	14,717,343
Other assets	16,658,852
Total Assets	$1,709,661,496

LIABILITIES:

Deposits:	
Demand deposits	$ 701,134,801
Savings and time deposits	758,768.239
	$1,459,903,040
Federal funds purchased	30,000,000
Borrowed funds	18,500,000
Mortgage notes payable	8,815,585
Acceptances outstanding	15,528,282
Dividends payable	43,866
Unearned income	18,323,638
Accrued expenses and other liabilities	19,527,329
Total Liabilities	$1,570,641,740
RESERVE FOR POSSIBLE LOAN LOSSES	$ 27,585,816

CAPITAL:

Capital notes and debentures	$ 26,180,000
Equity Capital:	
Common stock, $5 par-authorized, issued and outstanding 4,999,167 shares	$ 24,995,835
Surplus	45,004,165
Undivided profits	15,253,940
	$ 85,253,940
Total Capital	$ 111,433,940
Total Liabilities, Reserves and Capital	$1,709,661,496

Administrative Officers

Sidney Friedman, *Chairman of the Board*
Jacob Leichtman, *Vice Chairman*
Walter E. Van der Waag, *Vice Chairman*
G. Russell Clark, *Chairman. Executive Committee*

R. Canon Clements, *President*
Arthur Hug, Jr., *Executive Vice President*
Theodore I. Salamon, *Executive Vice President*
John H. Vogel, *Executive Vice President*

National Bank of North America

The Bank for Business and Savings

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"Toujours l'amour."

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"Cutty Sark first...the rest nowhere"

1876. The annual wool race is over... and a reporter describes the finish.

Once again CUTTY SARK had outrun the clipper fleet. Once again, CUTTY was the one to beat. As always, she was Number One.

The golden era of the clipper spanned only the last twenty-five years of the 19th century. And in that time, all England watched the clipper races from China and Australia with more than sporting interest.

The clippers brought new tea for the table and wool for England's bourgeoning industries. And the ship that captured the whole nation's imagination was the CUTTY SARK.

Capt. Moodie commanded the CUTTY in her most famous race.

From the CUTTY SARK's Log...

CUTTY's jury rudder.

With every cargo, CUTTY made remarkable voyages. Even Plimsoll Line-deep with tons of tea, wool —or scrap iron, coal and palm sap syrup, she challenged the cream of the clipper fleet... and won. Among her feats:

1871. CUTTY leaves for the China tea ports two weeks after the speedy TITANIA and nearly a month after the even faster TAEPING...yet she beats both handily.

1872. CUTTY vs. THERMOPYLAE in the most famous tea race of all time. CUTTY, leading by 400 miles, loses her rudder in a gale. Her crew cannibalizes her spare spars and ironwork, and through 6 days of gale, makes and fits a jury rudder. The jury rudder snaps, so a second rig is fitted —this one in only 24 hours. THERMOPYLAE docks first, but a special maritime commission declares CUTTY the winner, based on actual time under sail.

1889. Enroute to Sydney, CUTTY passes the new P. & O. steamer BRITANNIA. At the time, BRITANNIA (called "cock of the walk of the Pacific") was making 16 knots.

CUTTY's log records dismastings, groundings, collisions—but above all, victories. Time and time again, it was "CUTTY SARK first...the rest, nowhere."

The legacy of the CUTTY SARK

Today, the legacy of the CUTTY SARK is held by the Scotch that took her name.

CUTTY SARK is America's best-selling Scotch. CUTTY is Number One.

And the reason is Cutty's consistently distinguished taste.

Generation after generation, Cutty has blended only the finest of Scotland's best whiskies to create the uniquely rewarding Cutty taste: the taste to be savored; the taste of exceptional Scotch.

Sooner or later, most people arrive at Cutty. So come to Cutty tonight. You'll be in the best of company.

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